

# VOGUE



75¢  
FEB. 15

SPRING SEND-OFF:

## NEW FASHION ZEST FOR KNITS...

THE BELOVED  
LACES...

THE SPECIAL  
LOOK OF THE  
BREAKAWAYS

FIRST NEWS  
FROM  
NORELL

SPECIAL MEDICAL FEATURE:

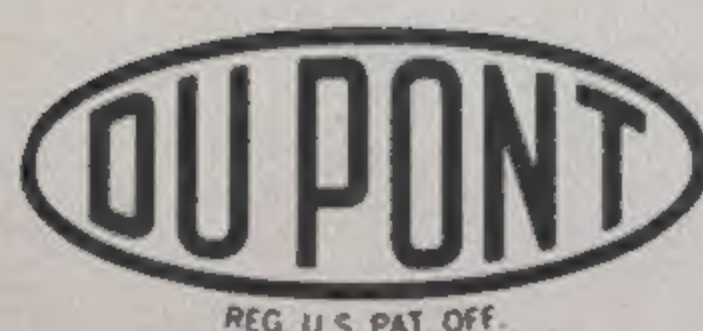
## THE POWER TO RESIST DISEASE



\*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric



The shining look is a stripe-y optic combo...it's glistening black against matte black...with a smash of white tossed in for kicks...it's a come-hither **Geller** in go-everywhereable, wipe-and-wearable shining **CORFAM**<sup>®</sup>



Better Things for Better Living...through Chemistry

ANDREW GELLER SHOE, IN OPTIC-LOOK SHINING CORFAM\*, ABOUT \$28.00, AT ALL STORES STARRING ANDREW GELLER SHOE COLLECTIONS.



Plaza  
Collections



## Color-Powered Costuming \$325

...strong on tailoring, and snapped-up even more

by the combination of navy with salt-crisp white. Cut and color, this season's inseparables, are master-minded here by Geoffrey Beene who puts them to work in one of the newsiest of Spring costumes. The lithe little dress— a sleeveless navy blue wool jersey—slips under a long glide of white wool jacket.

In misses sizes. Plaza Collections, Fourth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK  
**BERGDORF  
GOODMAN**  
5TH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET



\*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric



The shining look is a swingy, gleamy, spring-y look...it's a shoe with double t-straps, like a pair of exclamation points!!...its heel is a tiny shapely tapered pedestal...it's a giddy **Gamin** in sensuously supple shining CORFAM\*



GAMINS T-STRAP, IN SHINING CORFAM\*, ABOUT \$20.00, AT: ANDREW GELLER, NEW YORK; LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK; JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C.; STIX BAER & FULLER, ST. LOUIS; HARZFELD'S, KANSAS CITY; KREEGER'S, NEW ORLEANS.





The shining look is light and luminous...it's a curvy demure sandal poised on a little-waisted heel...embraced by a tender tendril of a strap...it's a gentled **Ad Lib** created of wondrous, breathable shining **CORFAM**<sup>®</sup>



Better Things for Better Living...through Chemistry



AD LIB SANDAL, IN SHINING CORFAM<sup>®</sup>, ABOUT \$19.00, AT: LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK; KAUFMANN'S, PITTSBURGH; J.P. ALLEN, ATLANTA; STIX BAER & FULLER, ST. LOUIS; HARZFELD'S, KANSAS CITY; NEUSTETERS, DENVER; SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON; ROBINSON'S, CALIFORNIA.





*jewels by Laykin et Cie*

*photograph by John Engstead*

sheltered in the circle of its own stole, this great beauty of the night in moonlight pale cloqué...  
an I. Magnin original design executed by Malcolm Starr exclusively for **I. MAGNIN & CO**

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, PALO ALTO, SANTA CLARA, SAN MATEO, CARMEL, FRESNO, SACRAMENTO, PORTLAND, SEATTLE, LOS ANGELES, BEVERLY HILLS, PASADENA, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA ANA, LA JOLLA, PHOENIX



# VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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PENN

COVER: Spring send-off—new zest for the bold ring worn on the index finger. For the wig worn as an accessory. For highly electrified lipsticks with some colour, lots of glossed-in dazzle—as in a new series from Max Factor called California Sun Glosses: three shimmery lipsticks plus a toner to dazzle all three like a thin wash of gold. Barbary Gold is the toner's name, worn here over Laguna Peach. More, on page 51. Bold ring: a big fake topaz in a golden cage, by Hattie Carnegie. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Horne; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Wig by Vergottini of Milan, Italy.

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# JOLIE MADAME



Long after other perfumes  
have left the party,  
'Jolie Madame'  
is still going strong.

# BALMAIN

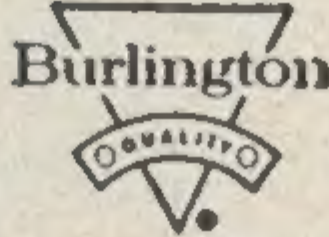


The most sophisticated  
fragrance in all Paris





Bill Blass for Bond Street, affluent rainwear. And never more so than with ribbons of color on the pure cotton of Galey and Lord. 1407 Broadway, New York 18. A Division of Burlington Industries.

**Galey & Lord** 



THE TRIGERE CULT







**VITALITY<sup>®</sup>**  
rounds out  
**The Now Shoes**  
to give your suits  
a fashion edge

You look great. You feel great. You're in the great new suit shapes of The Now Shoes by Vitality. Soft leathers show. Supple comfort hides. And you're too young to wear anything but. Vitality: the sensible shoe too young to show it. Here and now: bowed

Cris Cros, flower tied Nanette, stacked up Swank and more Now Shoes, all about \$15 to \$17 at Holmes, New Orleans; Arnold Constable, New York; Thompson, Boland, Lee, Atlanta; Crowley's, Detroit; Denver Dry Goods Company, Denver; Vandervoort's, St. Louis.

*Wouldn't you like to be in our shoes? Most of America is. International Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo. 63166, Vitality Shoe Division*






VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Freehand stripes chalk our slender jacket  
costume with sleeveless sheath.

Of linen-weave silk in navy or charcoal  
with white, \$119 Dress Collections.

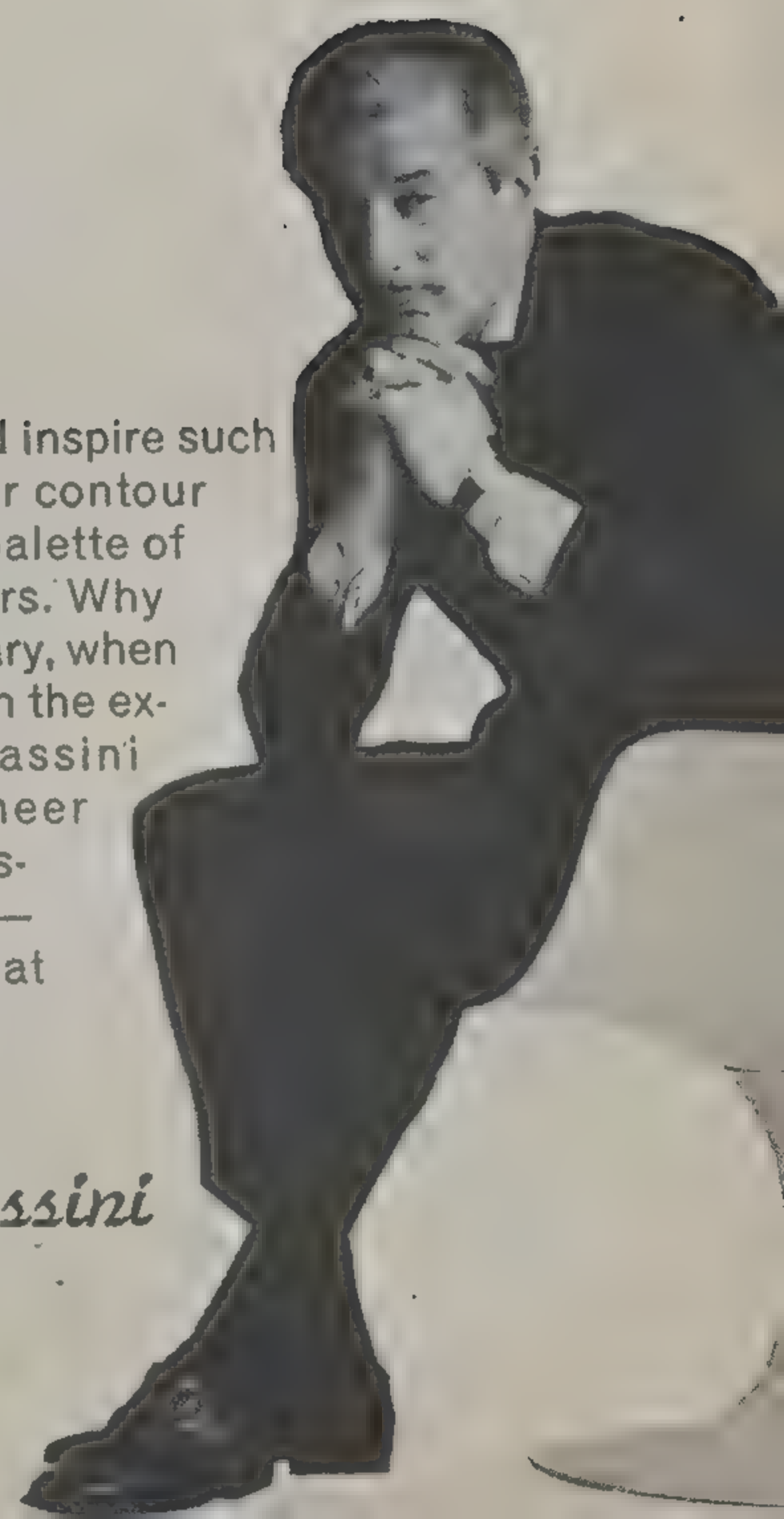




My legs are by  
Oleg Cassini.  
Who's your  
hosiery  
designer?

Only the master stylist could inspire such superb stockings. Sheer contour clinging beauty in a palette of fashion perfect colors. Why settle for the ordinary, when it's so easy to own the extraordinary. Cassini stockings. Sheer genius, surprisingly priced—and available at fine stores near you.

*stockings by Oleg Cassini*







This is a Kimberly. Pure wool knit. About \$90. B. Altman & Co., Marshall Field & Co., I. Magnin.

*Kimberly*



VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

New concept in design: our panty-brief gives boundless comfort, bindless control with its unique separate, crossover leg construction; of nylon, spandex and acetate, in white, black or skin tone; small, medium and large sizes.

By Sarong. \$9. Foundation Collections.



*VERY* Saks Fifth Avenue

Our own Roger Vivier of Paris captures springtime in a cross-strapped sandal of black Calcutta lizard with graceful strip heel and gently spooned toe. \$40. Shoe Salon.





We spilled a big bowl of crushed blueberries  
down the front of this jacket.  
We just wiped it all off with dry tissues.

Obviously, the fabric is protected by Du Pont ZE PEL.



COHAMA'S Shellelagh in Vogue pattern #1501

Uh-huh. Soft, mushy blueberries—all over the sleeves and front of the jacket and right down the front of the dress.

Major disaster?

Un-uh. Just a minor delay. Five minutes with a few dry tissues and we were all ready to photograph.

That's right.

That's ZE PEL® — Du Pont's fabric

fluoridizer. It scorns stains. Just shrugs most of them off. Some of the hangers-on may need a little water or spot cleaning—but even those rarely make a mark with ZE PEL — not even a cleaning ring.

And great news for the home sewer! The nicest COHAMA fabrics are now protected by ZE PEL. You can make this dress—or anything else—knowing

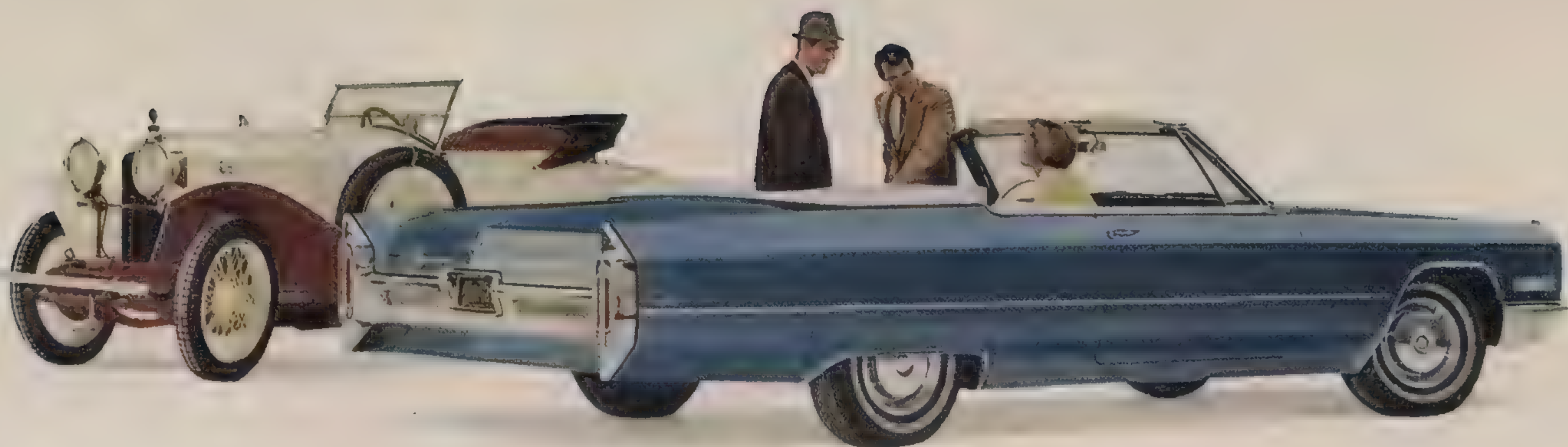
a spill won't spoil it after all your work.

Think spotless. Head for "Thimble Couture," the little shop that sells COHAMA with ZE PEL. Wherever better fabrics are sold.



Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry





THEY DON'T BUILD SPORTS CARS LIKE THEY USED TO. As soon as you find an opportunity, drive a 1966 Cadillac! You'll learn that Cadillac's superbly balanced suspension corners better than many a diminutive two-seater. And you'll marvel at how quickly, smoothly and easily Cadillac's considerable size is handled by its exclusive variable ratio power steering. Don't let its reputation for quiet luxury lead you to believe a Cadillac isn't exciting to drive. Sports cars, you'll find, have come a long, long way! And your authorized dealer would be proud to prove it!

Standard of the World  Cadillac

Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation





*You'll love it*



the young, strappy look, the iced coffee color, and—

*—that wonderful  
walking-on-Air Step feeling*

Light, soft, textured calf. Also blue, red, bone, black, white calf, and in black shining Corfam.<sup>®</sup> Air Step shoes are priced from \$12 to \$18.  
Air Step Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

Leather refers to uppers. <sup>®</sup>Corfam is DuPont's registered trademark for its man-made polymeric upper material



QUALITY AT YOUR FEET<sup>®</sup>





**LIPS ALIVE!**...kissed with beauty...born out of the heart of a fabulous beauty cream. Luminous lips, shimmering with the dewiness of multiple moisturizers...caressed with incandescent creaminess. Your lips, brilliantly alive and glowing with the new excitement extraordinaire of **SOURCE OF BEAUTY INCANDESCENT LIPSTICK**



*Frances  
Denney*



# The Awakening: A new vision of nightwear created by leading European couturiers in new Celanese nylon.

Couture Internationale introduces the look of enchantment in sleepwear, the first to appear in sumptuous tricot of new Celanese nylon.

Spellbinding color, aerial lightness, everything you've ever imagined nightwear could be, is fashioned into a beautiful reality by leading designers from Spain, England, Italy and France.

Left: Rodriguez' harem pajama veiled in a sheer hooded cape of matching print. Flamenco print in orange or blue. Sizes 30 to 36. About \$55.

Center: Norman Hartnell's pale blue cloud of a gown with daisy lace bodice and sheer matching coat with lace yoke, jeweled buttons. Also, white. Sizes 32 to 38. About \$70.

Right: Fontana's extravaganza, a cape of feathery ostrich plumes over a U-neck culotte with embroidered bodice. Green, rose pink. Sizes 30 to 36. About \$75.

Below: Jacques Heim's water-color gown, its deep shoulder ruffles repeated on the flowing sheer coat. Blue or pink print. Sizes 32 to 38. About \$70.

Available at Lord and Taylor, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Hudson's, Detroit; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; I. Magnin & Co., California; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston & Ft. Worth; Rich's, Atlanta. For additional stores see page 156.

**CELANESE** **n**YOLON  
A CONTEMPORARY FIBER







## Van Raalte sees the light.

Brightened, whitened, brightened legs. Shown, three from a complete collection of bright lights made of Cantreze\* nylon for flawless fit and sheerest flattery. Peche, Frost, Aquarelle. \$1.65, at fine department and specialty stores.

\*Du Pont's registered trademark.

*Van Raalte*  
because you love nice things



*that ayres look-*



*L.S. Ayres + co.*  
of Indiana

CAPE SUIT BY MAURICE RENTNER. HAT BY ADOLFO.



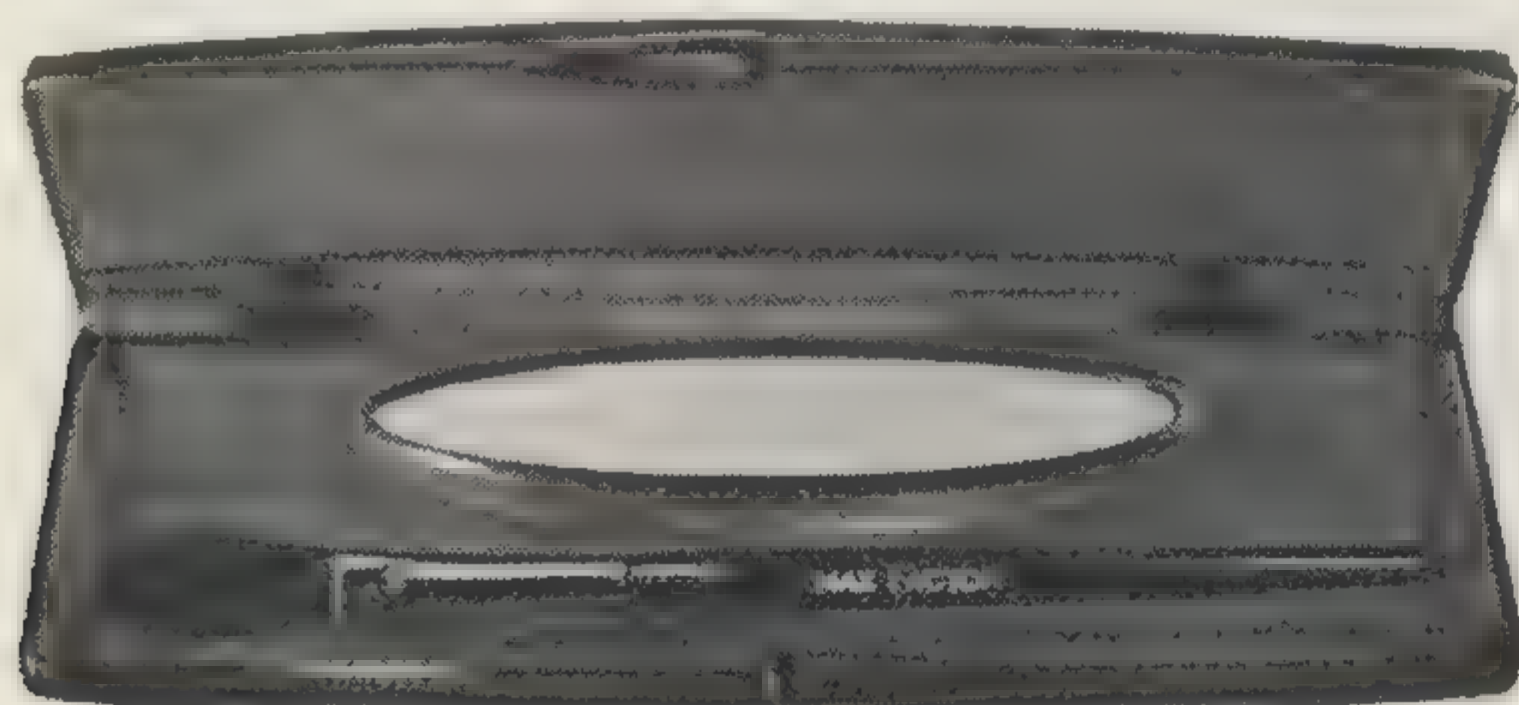
*For soft, soft, soft eyes...*



# *New Shadow Play* BRUSH EYE SHADOW *by Max Factor*

Just close your eyes and...brush. Shadow Play fluffs on like a whisper, but shouts beauty. (Even the colors are soft little shouts of flattery!) How do you capture the eye of the fashion world? Get soft, soft Shadow Play (today!)...in a lush array of silky-soft pastels, and soft-dazzled iridescents.

© 1966, MAX FACTOR & CO.



## *First course*

*Lingerie for the small dress rave*



PENATI

Ribboned chemise, above, of crisp white cotton batiste with its own Pellon-lined brassière... all beaded and bowed in black grosgrain ribbon. By Venus, of Samuel Ehrman cotton, and Lycra. About \$15. At Altman's; Neiman-Marcus.



Flowery snips, left: grey-and-white bouquet rimmed in red-ribbon beading. Padded brassière with wide-set straps; little half-slip to underline the shortest small dress. By Accentuette, of Tergal. Each, about \$11. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffure by Marc Sinclair.



# Tunisia

## “Extravagant space and serenity”

By Despina Messinesi

Honey-coloured Tunisia, the northernmost hunk of North Africa, spreads out along the Mediterranean. . . . No feeling of clutter, only extravagant space and serenity. . . . Across the vibrant expanse of desert and seashore women move like sails loosely furled. . . . Lighthearted air, thin as spun glass, telescopes distance so that sulky camels dominate the horizon. . . . Good French-built roads slicing across Tunisia lead to lovely new hotels. Cars whizz by clean towns and villages provocatively mysterious—closed windows behind arabesques of grillework and closed doors behind blue paint and patterned nail-studdings.

My opening night in Tunisia began at Sidi-bou-Saïd, a ravishing village white as a dovecote on the hill, ten miles from the city of Tunis. There, sipping hot, sugared mint tea at the Café des Nattes, I looked over people parading on polished stone pavements. Grillework ballooned like spinnakers. Inside the café, guests rested on platforms covered with the rush mats from which the café took its name. . . . Trapped in exquisite birdcages for which Sidi-bou-Saïd is famous, birds chirped stridently.

At dinner, Arab waiters moving like silk, speaking a quiet, accented French, serving with instinctive tenderness, could have come straight out of André Gide's *The Immoralist*. . . . Disappointed in the couscous, I turned to *brique à l'oeuf*, an upright pastry batter filled with egg, and luscious. (Next day, at President Bourguiba's palace, *briques* stuffed with hashed meat or honeyed nuts tasted equally delicious.) . . . Dancing girls in wispy pinks, violent purples shimmering with gold, each wearing one dangling gold hair ornament, performed between courses, diabolically swinging their hips. . . . All hands clapped to the irresistible beat of drums and shrill pipes somewhat like Scottish bagpipes. . . . When the President's son, Habib Bourguiba, junior—called “Junior” by his friends—agreed to join the dances, his elegance and grace in Tunisian dancing equalled the pros'.

Tunis's newest landmark, glowing at night like a beacon on the crest of Belvedere Park, is the Tunis Hilton, with all the built-in Hilton comforts ranging from superb balcony views—here framed in teak—to crisp air conditioning, a drugstore, a bank, and hamburgers served by the pool. . . . Because the young Bourguiba couple are building their new house on the fringe of the Hilton grounds, it is not unusual to see the slick, grey Jaguar driven by “Junior” with his good-looking wife beside him.

In Tunis, agreeable and Mediterranean, with trees clipped in the French manner, taxis are plentiful, not expensive. . . . French *does* help enormously in getting around. . . . Among the intriguing web of souks in the Medina, at 68 rue Djemâa Ez-Zitouna, is Palais de l'Habillement Arabe (“the Brooks Brothers of Tunis”); here, El Annabi tailors well everything local: *djebbas* (shin-long ponchos worn by the men, and, in strong colours, great for women on beaches); vests in silk candy-stripes edged with braid; baggy pants. . . . *Note*: Moslem-run souks close on Friday afternoons; those run by Jews on Saturdays; all open always on Sundays.

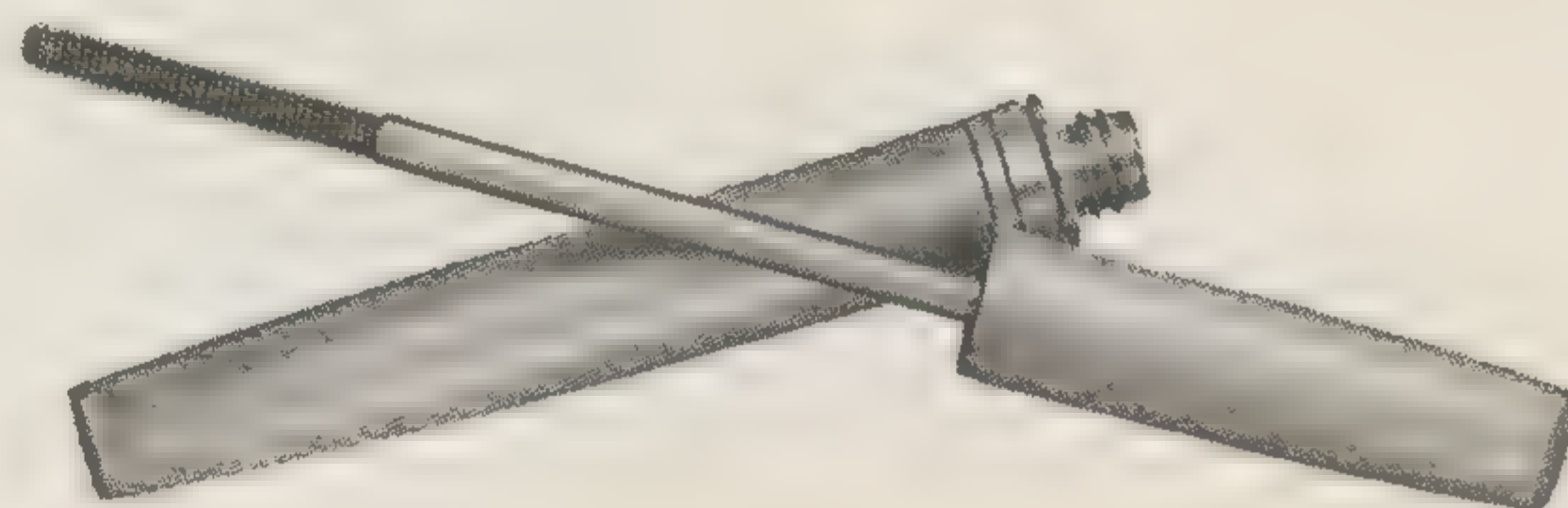
Among the delights of Tunisia are the abundance of glorious beaches, and water-skiing and sailing (Continued on page 36)

For long, long, long lashes...



## Lash-Full TEXTURED MASCARA WAND by Max Factor

Only Lash-Full contains Max Factor's special lash-builders that actually build and lengthen your lashes. Every time you stroke your lashes, you'll see them instantly become longer, thicker...sweepingly prettier. Like mascara? You'll adore the longer, full-lashed look of Lash-Full!



© 1966, MAX FACTOR & CO.





## Freedom under all!

Left: A little bit of slip in a naive little print. Free flowing lines stop well above the knee. Printemps print, \$9. Right: Lacy bra and pantie with body-shaped panels. Both, made of nylon and Lycra® Spandex, coax your figure in favorable ways. Bra, \$4. Pantie, \$12.50. All at fine department and specialty stores.

® Du Pont's registered trademark.





*Van Raalte*  
because you love nice things





SKREBNESKI



FROM EUROPE: SIX COLOR ORIGINALS IN ESTÉE LAUDER'S FAMOUS RE-NUTRIV LIPSTICK FORMULA. The language of color needs no translation, not even from one continent to another. All it needs is the quick eye of Estée Lauder, who is as sensitive to color news as a barometer is to weather. She's culled from her European collection these most-current favorites on the Continent—six Color Originals rendered here for America in her brilliant Re-Nutriv lipstick. The secret of its radiant color, its rich deep-velvet smoothness is Re-Nutriv, Estée Lauder's creme of creams, whipped right into the full-bodied beauty-treating formula. Try any one of the six new Color Originals—Pompeii Red, Swedish Blush, Lido Sand, Parisian Peach, French Coral or Mayfair Pink—and use the language of color to deliver your own brilliant beauty message.

*Estée Lauder*



Inherent superlatives pervade this 100% Tussah Silk two-piece by Jody Van Amburgh. In white frost, primrose yellow, blue haze and blossom pink. Sizes 8-18. About \$90. (Slightly higher west of Rockies.)

Lester Paul

Dallas



L. S. AYERS

Indianapolis

BUFFUM'S

Southern California

SAKOWITZ

Houston

# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

February 15

## Making time —sub-dryer

Observing a young woman sitting under the dryer at Kenneth's the other day furtively sketching some of her dryer companions, we led ourselves into a brief and possibly superficial survey of what some of the busiest women in the U.S.A. do under similar circumstances. . . . It would be hard not to head our list with *Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson*, so we did. Mrs. Johnson either dictates letters, signs mail, or catches up with her large volume of reading. . . . *Mrs. John F. Kennedy* takes her manila folder. . . . *Mrs. Joseph Kennedy* puts on her eye pads and rests. . . . As do at least two journalists of our acquaintance. *Clementine Paddleford* does not work under the dryer on her food findings. She's been doing *this* since early in the morning, and by the time she's on to her 11:00 A.M. hair appointment she looks forward to a dryer-nap to reinforce her for the rest of the day. . . . *Aileen Mehle* (Suzy Knickerbocker) also sleeps. "I stretch my legs out and try not to think." . . . *Sharman Douglas*, now decorating a new apartment, carries a writing pad to her hairdresser's. "Very handy making lists with such notations as 'I've got to stop the laundry; notify telephone company; get that chair and sofa from storage.'" . . . *Arlene Francis* reads the books, the authors of which she will interview on her daily afternoon WOR radio program. . . . *Lillian Ross* writes the books, the author of which she is—*The Player, Reporting*, and, next to come, *Adlai Stevenson* (Lippincott) and *Talk Stories* (Simon and Schuster)—corrects proofs, and "pays her bills." . . . *Nancy Dickerson* of N.B.C. News also works, once wrote a speech under a Kenneth dryer. . . . Thank-you notes are favoured material for sub-dryer action. And under those dryers where phones are provided, which include most of the busier citizens' hair spas, marketing lists are heard droning along. . . . *Dorothy Schiff*, publisher of the *New York Post*, reads with a critical eye her paper's first edition when, at 10:00 A.M. she's at Bernard Bohlé's. . . . *Mrs. Albert Lasker* used to bring two secretaries with her to Julius Caruso, one to make phone calls, one to do her mail. Caruso installed a phone for her, and it was "kind of like doing a minuet," one of her assistants suggested. "When a secretary arrives with her portfolio, shampooer and stylist have to retreat." . . . The name of the young portrait artist, the under-dryer sketcher who started us thinking about all this, incidentally, is *Beatrice Dabney Penati*. . . . And one woman, unidentified, dresses the hair of her poodle while her hairdresser dresses her hair. . . .

## Hair colouring— hurried up

Twenty-five minutes is how long it usually takes for hair-colouring to "develop" on the average head. *Forty to forty-five minutes*, if the hair is quite white. *Sixty minutes*, sometimes, if the hair is both white and resistant. And more minutes added to all of these average lengths of time if the salon's air-conditioning system is set at "Cold." Boring? Extremely boring for most women for whom the business of having hair-colouring kills at least half the day every three weeks, month in, year out. So of course there have been efforts to cut down the time (steaming was one; wrapping the head in foil was another). And of course these methods left a lot to be desired, or you wouldn't be about to hear this news: A machine that's a cross between a hair-drying hood and a small solarium has been invented to develop colour in four to six minutes. Develop it deeply, evenly, comfortably, and healthfully (moisturized solar heat, good for hair). Accelomatic is Rilling's name for its machine. Kenneth's is where it's making its first appearance—and if you know your Uncle Kenneth, you know he's incapable of enthusing over anything that isn't to the hair's best interest. Every pioneer we've talked to is wild with joy about the thing—"My hair was never as well dyed; it's fantastic to be done in six minutes." "Wonderful job. Pleasant process, too—you're bathed in a cosy warmth, just like the heat of a nice sunny day." "Superb coverage. In and out before I could make a telephone call." . . .





## For women who love a dreamy, creamy beauty treatment

that works small miracles night or day — Elizabeth Arden has triumphed again with this richest of free-flowing creams—Liquid Morning or Night Cream. Applied in seconds, it disappears in seconds and goes to work at once to help smooth away the

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*Elizabeth Arden*





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jewelry in the golden manner of **Monet**





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## Tunisia

(Continued from page 21)

on amethyst-striped blue sea with fascinating views on the shore. . . . In Tunis, for instance, since the new Hilton opened, many visitors make this hotel their headquarters for both city and beach life. . . . La Marsa, a long sweep of beach beyond Carthage and Sidi-bou-Saïd, is only a thirty-minute drive from the hotel; Gammarth Plage, a few minutes more. . . . One hour's driving distance south, are the golden sands of Hammamet reached through blazing garden paths.

Tunisia's marvellous white beaches stretching from Sousse to Monastir are two-and-a-half hours south of Tunis. After miles of vineyards and endless olive groves, the road turns into a lovely palm-studded esplanade along the glittering sea, not unlike those in the South of France, except that here, alongside villas rise minarets with gilded crescents, like open hands receiving sunshine.

Plumb on the white sands stands the long, slim Moorish Skanès Palace hotel. . . . Guests live airily in rooms with high-walled balconies designed for sunbathing in private, or, in small cottages under vaulted brick ceilings. . . . Cooling as a fan, light breezes ruffle the sea, rattle the palms and make air conditioning unnecessary. . . . Swimmers shift from sea to pool. . . . Added attractions for those water-skiing or sailing is the fabulous view of the golden fortress of Monastir, and on the point close by, although hidden in palms, the modern marble palace of the President whose birthplace was Monastir.

Djerba, the champagne-coloured island described by Homer as the land of the lotus-eaters, exudes indolent charm. . . . Le Corbusier, the great Swiss architect, browsed for months among its amazing white houses and mosques standing like free-form soap sculptures. . . . It is a bone-dry place in all seasons—from December through February only the hardy enjoy swimming. . . . Isolated on a tremendous span of beach, the new Ulysse Palace hotel is pleasantly informal within its marble halls. No charge for bicycles, camels and horses, only for sailboats and water skis. Car hire easily arranged. Opening in May: a wing with one hundred rooms, a pool, an underground nightclub.

**USEFUL TO KNOW:** Tunisia is summery all year except from November through March. For Tunis, city summer dresses; for evening, something dashing—Tunisian women follow Paris trends. An evening cover-up for spring and autumn nights. For sight-seeing in Moslem towns and wandering through souks, dresses create less stir than pants. TWA's new route goes directly from New York to Tunis overnight, on Tuesdays. In first class: seats marked with dinner place cards; movies; red moccasin stretch socks; baby-sized zippered cases with combs and such. Single rooms at the Tunis Hilton from \$10 without meals; at the Skanès Palace, Skanès-Monastir, \$12 with three meals; at Djerba's Ulysse Palace, \$10 with three meals.



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that says  
olé to  
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the second



even the third

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# How do gals get this long, smooth look without the bumps of garters and panties?



GOWN BY DONALD BROOKS

## VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



### *The twinkle in the eyelash*

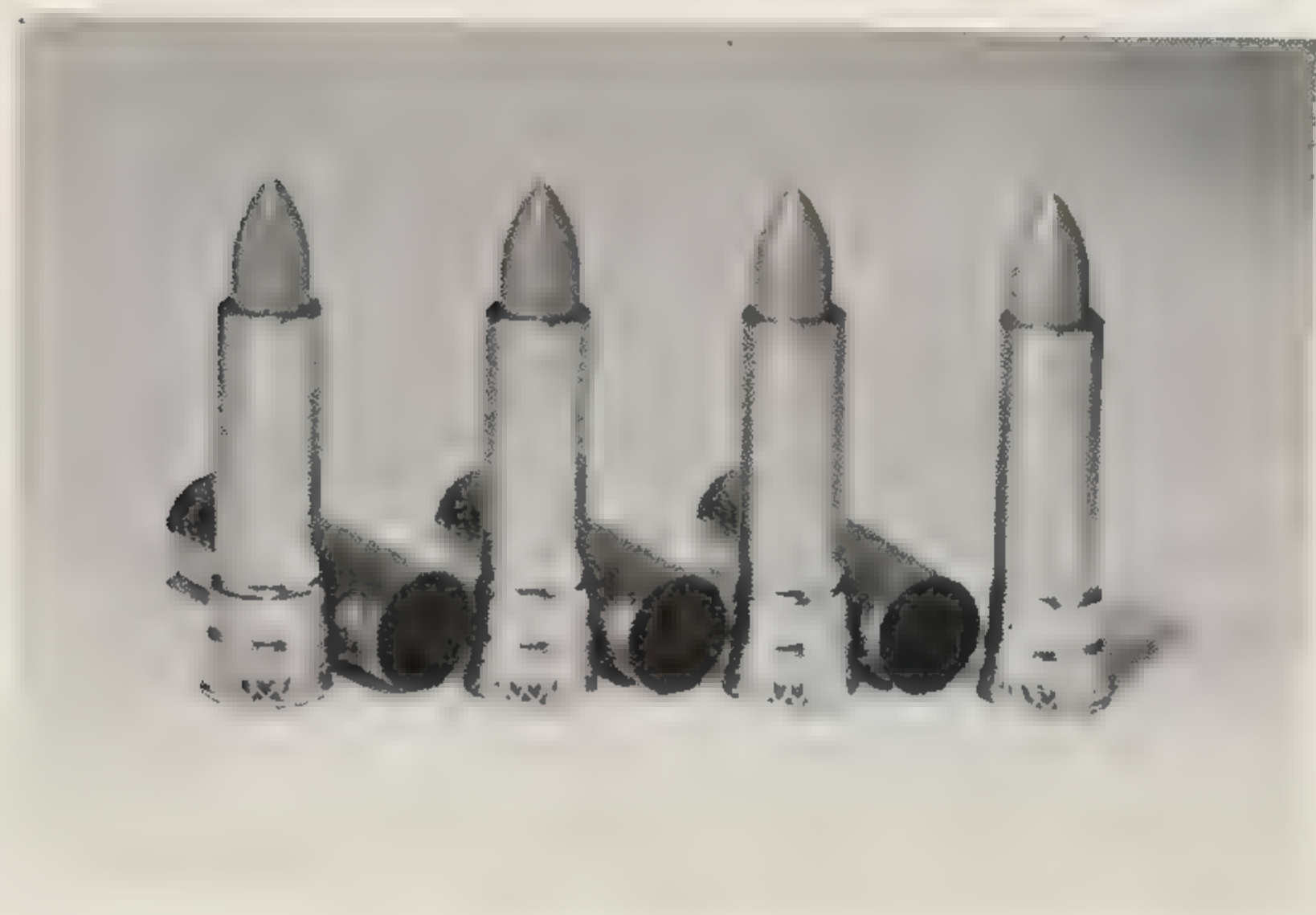
When first we heard about them, we thought, "Hmmm. Fake eyelashes diamanté. Amusing—but are they, well, garish?" When next we saw them in person, we got the answer. They're not. On a pair of gentle eyes, the fake lashes shown here charm and charm discreetly. Their illumination: just a bit of dewy-eyed shine—no more to them than that. Made of fur—black mink is what we reviewed—six sparkle stones and a minuscule ruby are to each affixed. . . . Two thoughtful glues enclosed. One, name of Self-Adhesive. Other, Eyelash Fixative, aims for a longer-lasting life span. All of these, by Erida, at all of the Saks Fifth Avenues.

### *Some new drops in the facial bucket*

A woman of our acquaintance whose dry skin has been doing battle with the elements for much longer than she would wish to acknowledge publicly has a crush on a certain collection of help, any shape it comes in—bath oil ("the only reason my feet can still walk," she said); lipstick ("it lays down the colour evenly—I'm not conscious of having it on—a new lipstick experience"); freshener; foundation; cleanser; whatever. Now she is exultant because Moon Drops' peculiar recipe has been trapped in a cleansing cake, Revlon's new translucent Moon Drops Cleansing Cake, thus wrapping up every need for scientific moisturizing that could arise in the daily face workout. Into it (and *it* goes into a pedestalled tortoise tray) go all of the major virtues of the Moon Drops vintage: moisturizers, smootheners, softeners, a heady concentrate of Moon Drops cleansing agents, plus some rather fancy unsaturated oils. The friend cited above happens to have spectacularly dry skin, but nevertheless the Moon Drops



cleansing bar commends itself as especially efficient for oily skin or for skin that just plain leans towards blemishing. Some cleansers stimulate the sebaceous glands to produce more oil and thus compound the grease problem. This one is a neutral party, so finely balanced, so bland and gentle, that you can even wash off eye makeup with it, Revlon tells us. . . . Revlon also says: Once a woman has reached twenty-five, wind, weather, steam heat, and air conditioning have given her skin an unconstructive course in moisture privation. Therefore, she needs every Drop of Moon she can get. And now, bless her, she can bathe with the stuff—and give her face a fresh morning wash with it, too.

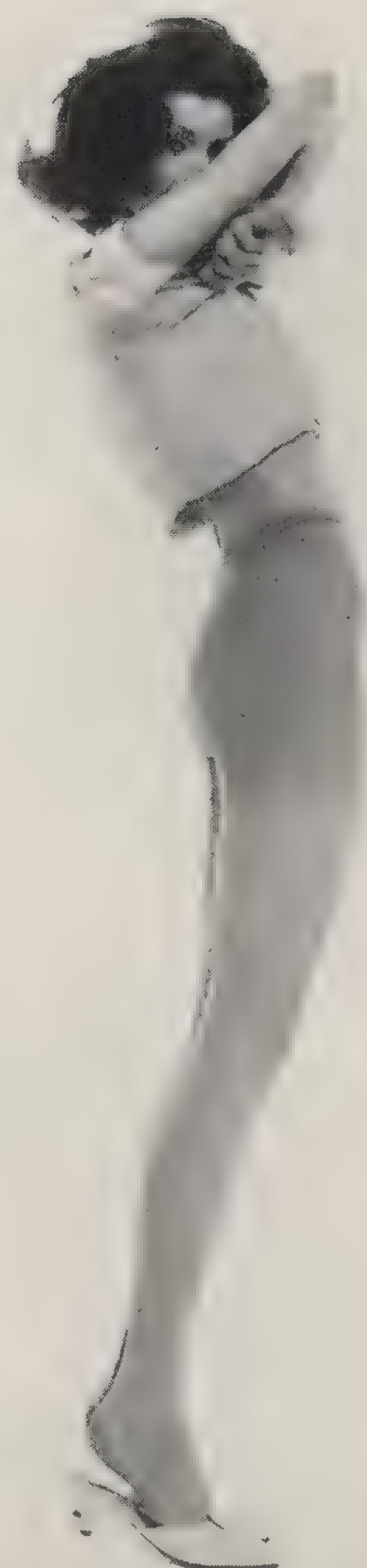


### *On the sunny side of the on-beat*

What looks like California? Something that reflects the wide-open dazzle of that sea-stroked land, a natural look that has probably improved on itself outdoors, sun that shines right through a face. Brilliant new implications of all this are four iridescent lipsticks (and some properly attuned iridescent nail enamels). By the big-chief factor in California makeup, the Max Factor combine, these lipsticks—a silvery pink, a glittery peach, and a shimmery coral (specifically Capistrano Pink, California Coral and Laguna Peach of which see more on the mouth on the cover)—have, if they want it, a golden overcoat to warm them up (specifically Barbary Gold). California Sun Glosses is the name the new excitement from Max Factor goes by and the formula is the sleek Ultra-Lucent Creme, famous for its role in other Max Factor lipsticks, foundation makeup, and powder. The glint of sun over the Pacific seems to be available now around the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Great Lakes, too. (More Ready Beauty, page 154)

# They don't wear any.

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the ankle. Look for the  
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by Jorn Freddie for the famous  
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# VOGUE'S

## *The extravaganza wedding of Mary Oppenheimer and Gordon Waddell in Johannesburg, South Africa*

Waves of cheerers thronged the streets. People crammed the great stony cathedral. Purcell's Trumpet Voluntary rang out. "It was the most exciting social event since Queen Elizabeth made her tour," said one guest of the wedding of Mary Oppenheimer of Johannesburg to Gordon Waddell, a Scottish financier and champion rugby man. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Harry Oppenheimer, chairman of the Anglo-American Corporation, which controls enormous gold, uranium, and diamond interests, including the De Beers diamond group. Rain had washed a cool gloss over Brenthurst, the Oppen-



1

2



3



4





# NOTEBOOK

heimer place where the reception was held in a tented pavilion, swagged in blue and white, garlanded in gilded palms, white carnations, chrysanthemums, and gypsophila. After a wedding supper, a round of toasts, and a five-tiered, seven-foot wedding cake frosted in thistles for Scotland and proteas for South Africa, the young couple spun off—in a new, golden-bronze Maserati.

1. Mr. Herbert Waddell, father of the groom; the bride and groom; Sir Keith Acutt; Mrs. Harry Oppenheimer, mother of the bride. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Harari. 3. Mrs. Herbert Waddell, mother of the groom. 4. The pages, Paul Edey and Christopher Ogilvy-Thompson. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Waddell. 6. Mr. Harry Oppenheimer, father of the bride. 7. Mrs. Charles W. Engelhard. 8. After the ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral, spectators cheering the bride.



5



6



7



8

BED ACCESSORIES BY CARLIN



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*Alexandra de Markoff*  
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## A black and white illustration of a high-heeled shoe, possibly a Mary Jane style, with a strap across the foot featuring a buckle. The shoe is positioned diagonally across the frame. The background consists of a repeating pattern of text in a typewriter-style font, which is partially obscured by the shoe. The text includes phrases like 'auditions lead a busy city life. audition', 'High fashion auditions make great company', 'from the audition collection. You'll love', and 'auditions lead a busy city life. audition'. The overall aesthetic is mid-20th-century graphic design.



auditions®

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# THEATRE

*The Persecution and Assassination of  
Marat As Performed by the  
Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Un-  
der the Direction of the Marquis de Sade,  
“remarkable and disturbing”*

For the next two hours all of my senses were completely ensnared. In Brook's production of this remarkable and disturbing play by Peter Weiss, each of the forty actors builds completely special and absorbing characters, and yet all within a tightly controlled and orchestrated ensemble. The Brechtian songs and the childlike verse of Adrian Mitchell's adaptation captures the subtle richness and direct brutality of the original German script, admirably expressing the complex ambiguities of the epic struggle between the cynical nihilism of Sade and the revolutionary idealism of Marat. Finally, it's what happens underneath, around, and between the lines that has the greatest impact. Brook has choreographed the production so as to achieve a kaleidoscopic series of grotesque friezes which are moved not only by the music but, more importantly, by the rhythms and sounds which the actors have created. *Marat/Sade* is not just an important play, it is a landmark of dramatic production in which the theatre fulfills its seldom realized but unique powers.

As the curtain went up on Edward Albee's *Malcolm*, a latter-day Blue Boy sat sedately and expectantly on a golden Venus shell of a park bench within a series of Mondrian-like frames in front of shocking orange cyclorama. Suddenly, we had Pop Theatre. Who would have thought that Albee, in dramatizing James Purdy's novel, would be the father of Pop Theatre? But after the Pietà ending of *Tiny Alice*, he had nowhere else to go. *Malcolm* was, in fact, a candy-striped cartoon, a kind of mediaeval Fellini through Tom Wolfe, a pleasant eye-popping version of the adolescent's search for his father, which in the end didn't mean very much. The real star of the show was Willa Kim whose costumes exceeded the imaginings of a comic strip artist. The acting, under Alan Schneider's direction, never left the level of caricature, but Albee's pasteboard figures demanded nothing more. John Hefferman as the one-hundred-ninety-two-year-old Civil War veteran, and Jennifer West as a pneumatic, tabloid rock 'n' roll singer were particularly effective. Only Matthew Cowles, as the fifteen-year-old Malcolm, missed completely. The producers should have realized that even a pop character requires more than a pop non-actor.



# BOOKS

By Jean Stafford

*Aldous Huxley,*

*"a cordial, witty, civilized man"*

Aldous Huxley was a man of many parts—novelist, satirist, mystic, scientist—and the composite was both genial and thrilling. This memorial volume, unlike most of its kind, is not simply a handful of valentines, but an astute evaluation of one of the most interesting figures of our time and an engrossing revelation of a cordial, witty, civilized man. *Aldous Huxley* (Harper & Row), edited by his brother Julian, makes first-rate reading.

The twenty-seven contributors are men and women who write well and who, impressed by their friend, were also amused by him. They range from Raymond Mortimer, who describes Huxley's life in the south of France, to Anita Loos who knew him in Hollywood when his companions, among others, were Charlie Chaplin and the swami Krishnamurti. Yehudi Menuhin writes of Huxley's understanding of music, Sir Kenneth Clark of his remarkable ability to look at pictures (although Huxley was nearly blind most of his life) and to know what the painters of them meant. Inoculated by a strain of science from the Huxleys, the novelist had received as well cultural traditions from his mother who was Matthew Arnold's sister. Huxley's achievement and influence were diverse. A pessimist, he hunted for faith. He rarely read the newspapers but somehow always knew what was going on. Humphry Osmond, the Canadian psychiatrist, who became friends with Huxley through a mutual interest in LSD and mescaline sums up the multilateral man, "He loved a good gossip, on every variety of subject—the latest scientific discovery, theological principles, books, paintings . . . always provided that it gave him occasion to reflect and comment upon the infinite strangeness of life."

Huxley died at the age of sixty-nine on November 22, 1963, the day of President Kennedy's assassination. In the last weeks of his illness from cancer, he dictated an essay, "Shakespeare and Religion," which appears at the end of this book. "It [time] must have a stop in the last judgment, and in the winding up of the universe. But on the way to this general consummation, it must have a stop in the individual mind, which must learn the regular cultivation of a mood of timelessness, of the sense of eternity." Probably he was not prophesying the termination of his own personal time, but was talking about a kind of artistic discipline, a sort of reasoned nirvana necessary to the detached thinker. On the other hand, he may have been dispassionately writing the coda to his own life.

*The Comedians,*

*"full of taint and prurience"*

*The Comedians*, by Graham Greene (Viking), has as its narrator a cynical, Jesuit-trained (surprise!) soldier of fortune, sixty years old, who owns a hotel in Port-au-Prince to which, because of the troubles in Haiti, no one comes. The novel is an adventure of violence and voodoo, death, illicit love. There are two Americans, well-intentioned and quite as ridiculous as Mr. Greene's Americans always are. The hotelier, alone in the dark, at some point makes himself a drink of rum and Seven-Up and sits "out on the verandah to wait for the sun to rise—the mosquitoes had long since ceased to trouble me, I was stale and tainted meat." This book is full of taint and prurience, and no matter what one's persuasion, one wishes Greene would leave the Church out of it.



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## VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

# MOVIES

By JOAN DIDION

### Doctor Zhivago,

#### *"a breathtaking picture"*

To express admiration for *Doctor Zhivago* is to get a distinctly shifty-eyed reaction, as if the listener were unsure whether you were making a joke or were simply soft in the head. The picture is a "vulgarization," it has been reported sulkily. Or it is soap opera.

This kind of sulkiness always seems a little disingenuous, since we are all old enough to know that expensive pictures made from famous novels are necessarily going to be "vulgarizations." We know that Lord Jim's angst will not photograph well. We know that Audrey Hepburn is perhaps not what Tolstoi had in mind. The sulkiness seems almost perverse in the case of *Doctor Zhivago*, which is, in its skill and finish, everything a "big" picture should be and rarely is. Of course it is old-fashioned and romantic. Leaves blow, petals fall, ice dissolves into daffodils, as they have not on the screen since the forties, perhaps. Of course this film is sentimental. So is *Gone With the Wind*, but we still go to see Vivien Leigh picking her way through the wounded, still catch our breaths at the party at Twelve Oaks.

*Doctor Zhivago* has moments like that: the great vistas, the movements of troops and trains, the children dead in the wheat field like rabbits cut down by a scythe, the heat shimmering off the steppes, the chandelier in the abandoned summer house glittering with ice, the lilies of the valley at a bleak winter funeral. It is a breathtaking picture.

### Inside Daisy Clover,

#### *"rich and lonely, and so expensive"*

The beach at Santa Monica and Venice West is grey, trashy, the end not only of the land but of the world, home to all those who have opted out of the great Keno game that is Southern California. Up from the beach, up in the hills, the air is clear and rich and lonely, and so expensive that those who breathe it must sometimes give up all they thought they loved. That is, or should be, the controlling imagery of *Inside Daisy Clover*, which is, or should be, about a girl who can't decide whether getting off the beach is worth the price.

The girl is Natalie Wood, and as amusing as it is to see her hoofing through a Busby Berkeley routine, this kind of low camp is not, or should not be, the point of the picture. In fact only Christopher Plummer and Katharine Bard, as the movie producer and his wife who take Miss Wood off the beach and make her America's Little Valentine, trying to tell her that it is worth it, seem to know what the point of the picture is. If the director, Robert Mulligan, ever knew, it slipped his mind while he was photographing the beach in sun-washed blues, like a set for *Carousel*. Mulligan's pictures—*Daisy Clover*, *Love With a Proper Stranger*, *Baby the Rain Must Fall*—so often suffer from this confusion of purpose that I wonder if he does not need a sub-literate producer, as in bad Hollywood novels, to sit him down and shout, *If you're so smart, what's it all about.*



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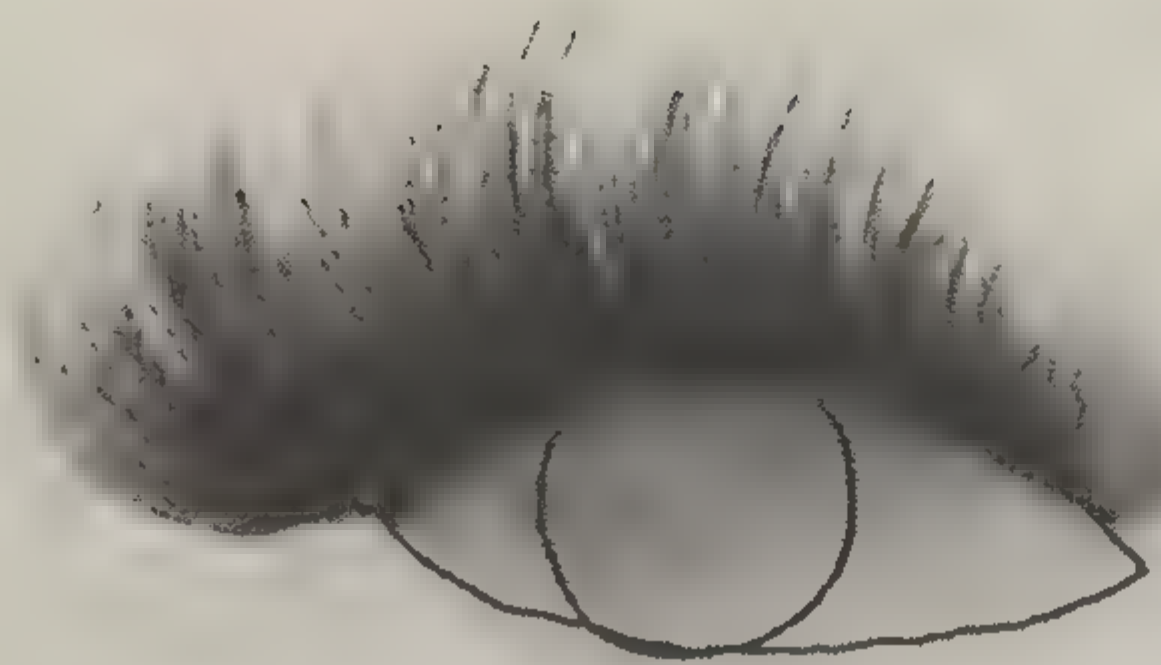


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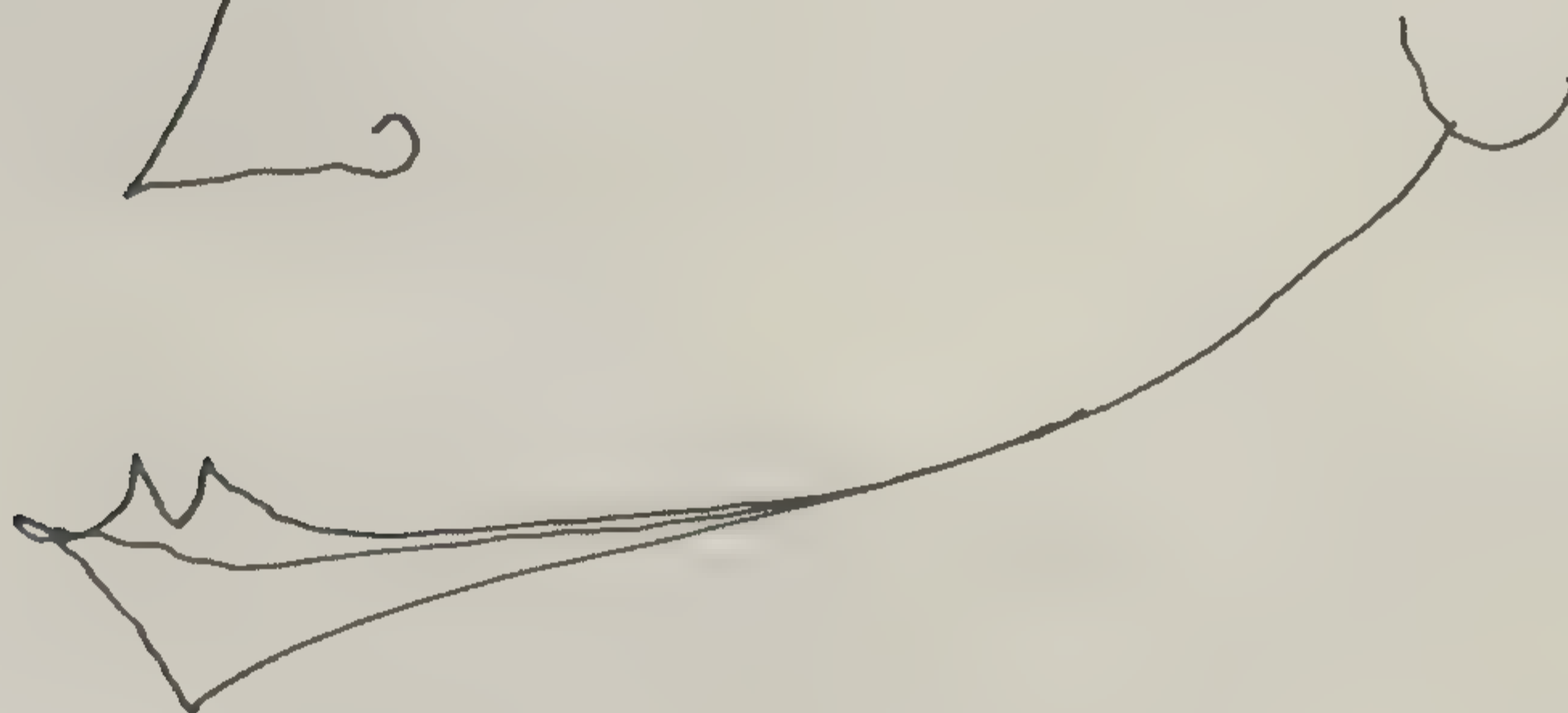
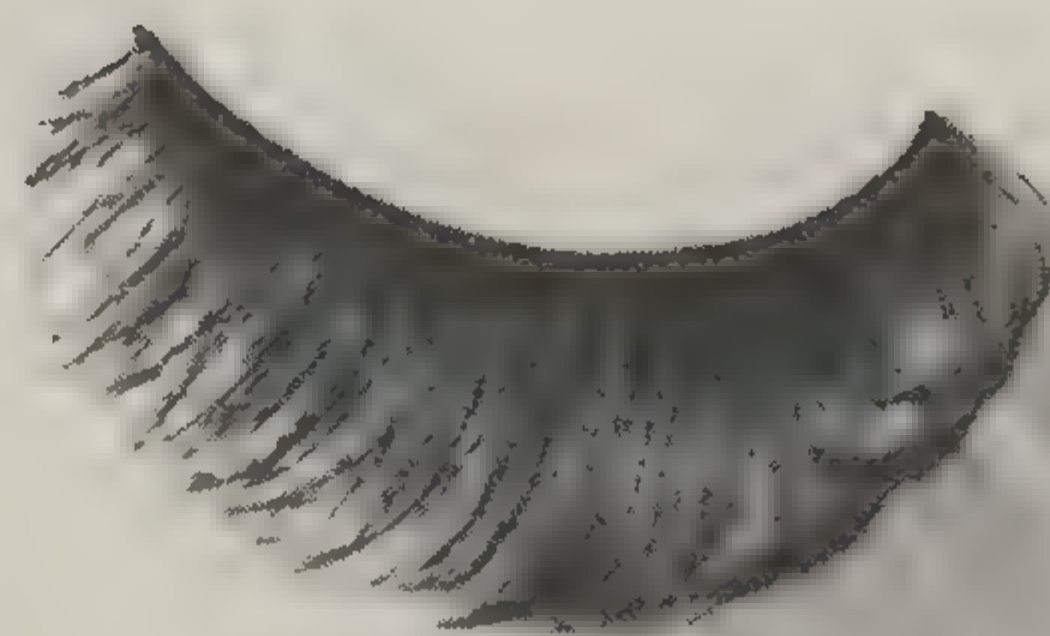




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# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

**New York: Jane Holzer makes the Lower East Side boutique scene . . .**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK ROBINSON

and finds it's groovy there. **Sauntering along St. Marks Place** (above), Jane discovers that boutique life in the East Village is casual, lazy-houred, neighbourly—a mixed fashion bag of the original, the artsy, good men's stuff to steal, and some just plain good fashion too. . . . **There is "Khadejha Designs"** (above). Limp bias slips (like the blond lamé Jane bought to wear that night to a "stuffy party"), or African Kanga cotton bathing-suit dresses,

cut out with a strong hand and plenty of abandon. Come in sizes, or can be ordered specially—different fabric, etc. Ten-day wait. Prices start \$55.5 St. Marks. . . . **Rump de bump bump, out to the street again, Jane swings into "Something a Little Bit Different"** (below), the longest name for the littlest boutique. About the size of a Tetley tea bag, it's packed—mish-mash with pants, culottes, knickers—like the crimson velvet ones on Jane. Mostly made

to order, two weeks delivery. \$50 and up. 8 St. Marks Place. . . . **Nothing fazes the cool of the salesmen at "Limbo."** Even when girls like Baby Jane have to have the authentic 1917 Army officer's jackets (below); \$12.50. What Limbo really is: a men's boutique selling straightforward, rough-weather, Army-Navy type gear. 24 St. Marks. . . . **"The Owl and the Pussycat" is a favourite stopping shopping spot for on-the-way-up actresses.** Gemütlich atmosphere

. . . three or four basic Baby Doll-shaped shifts—perfect for Baby Jane. This (below) in vermillion velvet edged with Irish crochet on the cuffs. \$25. 34 St. Marks Place. . . . **"The Queen of Diamonds" is a bead bijouterie, but it has one of the best jumpsuits around.** Stretchy stuff; cut with tank top, wide legs. Pink, glitter Tattersall (below). \$30. 33 St. Marks Place. . . . **Follow Baby Jane around the corner to Seventh Street, on page 156.**



## Cape Kennedy: A woman's-eye view report on the chic of the space suit

"A mad, feminine curiosity to see a space suit, touch it, feel it, possesses me . . . so on L-2 day, I land at McCoy: a military airport. . . . A slightly damp, white nylon robe that goes down to my ankles is put over my new Pucci suit, and a horrid white cap.

A white, silky-looking monster, seated on a white surgical bed, extends his arms towards me. I look through the transparent visor of the helmet and a horrible vacuum stares back at me: the suit is empty but sits by itself, widespread legs, two large

tubes on his chest connecting him with the pressure machine. . . . Other type suits require the help of two strong men to put them on. This one, an astronaut can put on alone in five to ten minutes. I lift the suit and it weighs only sixteen pounds; it

costs seventeen thousand dollars. . . . Would I dare walk out of the capsule? I do not think so. But sooner than we think, a space suit might become an indispensable item in a sports-woman's wardrobe!" The scribe—Emilio Pucci's sister, Nicoletta Nuti. . . .

**More boutique, page 156**



## *Which speaks most aptly for you...urbane kid, vivacious satin, genial silk?*

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truly personal fillip. You may want to add your monogram or address.

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FEBRUARY 15, 1966

# VOGUE

EYE VIEW

## WHAT DO THEY DO THE FRUG IN IN ROME?

The Frug pump. This pump. Sensational new evening slipper, like a little black satin bootie — that supple and slight on the foot, and burning up the parquet all over Rome right now. Everybody adores it — the cocardes, the low heels, the perfectly flat squared toes — everything about it: meraviglioso! Dal Co. made it for Barocco; in America, I. Miller Galleria is Where.



# THE NORELL IDEA

At Norell this is the evening dress of the season—short, knee-baring, geometric, easy and snug at the shoulders, swinging wide at the hem in the manner of the trapeze. A standout in his new collection. . . . This is the impact of Norell: fashion for the woman who lives in the present. Lives becomingly . . . and enjoys, because she knows its worth, a marvellous measure of privacy. Norell knows exactly how she looks, gives her precisely the right proportion—a low waist, if any, emphasized by the deep fall of a single strand of pearls; narrow knees, good legs; a long graceful throat often wrapped with one of his delicious scarfs. . . . Modern to the bone, without a flicker of nostalgia, his clothes at the same time bring back the best of an era of great elegance—the era of the gigolo felt cloche of Reboux, of big raggedy Malmaison carnations on the left lapel, powdery coral, squash orange, pale beige with a weight of diamonds at the wrist, and wide hats suggesting luxury and leisure. For day, overcoats cut with the strict elegance of a Chesterfield, often double-breasted; many cardigan suits—great in navy blue with wine-red and white. *Right:* Two of Norell's short flou trapezes for evening, both white crêpe with geometric bands of dark-brown wool from hip to hem, edging the sleeves. Norell bows—one front and centre, one at the side. Dress at right: Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; after March 1. Dress far right: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin; after March 1.









NORELL





For evening sensational loose-legged pyjamas take over for the long dress—bold geometrics in black and white, café noir and white, vivid crêpes in pink or jade; even the famous Norell sequins have been diverted from long dresses to black sequin tops and pyjamas tinkling with fringe at the hem of the blouse, the hem of each leg. (Same fringe turns up on short trapezes pailletted all over in blazing horizontal stripes—lacquer red, acid greens on white, the pink to claret range on black.) Divine with these pyjamas: short hair brushed into a shining arc bound with a narrow ribbon of bright satin. *Far left:* Blackout black slashed across sharp white crêpe—overblouse, long sleeves, and coolie pants all on the straight and loose. Diamonds stacked on one wrist. Pyjamas at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. *Left:* Sandwich-man pyjamas—white coming on strong, all black when the girl turns her back; side seams sharp as Euclid's mark the split. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Delivery, both costumes: March 1.

---





# VIVA

THE SMALL WHITE KNITS...  
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# KNITS!

Whatever you want in fashion right now: knits have it. Have the line of the year—the short, straight, unbelted, action-packed line of the 1966 smalldress. Have cutouts to beat the band. Have bold geometrics of cut and colour. Have the roughness of linen, the smoothness of jersey, the tight clean ribbiness of seersucker, of ottoman—all textures break out on the surface of knit. Knits, in a word, have everything—lots of ease, lots of stamina, and lots and lots of fashion...ready when you are. Funnel going up, up, up, opposite—a giant step on the tiniest white seersucker-knit with armholes pared away on the shoulders, squared away underneath. Smalldress by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, in ribbed Arnel and cotton (Alamac fabric); about \$55. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Baby-sweater sleeves, right, on a cabled white linen-knit hardly bigger than a sweater itself. By Francesca for Damon; about \$65. Martha; Hudson's; Halle Bros.; Battelstein's. K.J.L. hubble rings. Both pages: Beautiful Bryans stockings. With all the knits on these ten pages: Golo ankle-strap slippers (we added the pompons); geometric coiffures by Ruel of Coiffures Americana, using hairpieces of Dynel.





VIVA KNITS!...  
THE GEOMETRIC  
SMALLDRESS





White-letter day for jersey, opposite—great big Y and wide-open armholes on a sharp straight sliver of black. To wear now. To wear later. To wear with thick blunt triangles of Dynel hair. Dress by Rikki for Sport Trio, of Heller wool jersey bonded by Coin; about \$35. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Hallé Bros.; Gidding-Jenny. K.J.L. rings. Enter the Greek warrior, right—pompons on her head, pompons on her toes, and a wow of white knit in-between—ribbed like ottoman, fattened around the edges with harlequin-patterned tubing in black and white. By Ingeborg for Jane Irwill, of knitted Dacron and cotton; junior sizes. About \$35. Available early March, at Henri Bendel; Woodward & Lothrop; Himelhoch's. Both pages: Beautiful Bryans textured stockings.











**VIVA KNITS!...  
GEOMETRICS  
TAPED IN BOLD**

Black tapes, white linen knit, above—the small dress message in concise outline form: short, agile, clean as salt; armholes squared out in praise of pretty shoulders. By Goldworm; Herdman's linen, Arnel, and wool; woven tapes. About \$45. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Neusteters; Neiman-Marcus. Prestige stockings. Small dress with a taped-on shape, opposite—black knit straight as a shot, white stripped in on a curve. By Nantucket Knitters, of nubby Tycora Creslan. About \$55. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel.







Funnelled yoke, left: a bright block of white on a straight, unbelted small-dress in navy-blue wool knit; a jacket to match. By Kimberly. About \$80. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. On a saw-tooth jag, right: white skim-of-knit cut up in navy-blue saw teeth around the collar and high hem...cut out for day or dancing. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan; Jasco wool jersey, knitted in America. About \$55. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's.


VIVA KNITS!...  
NAVY-AND-  
WHITE  
GEOMETRICS











Patterns of bareness—tape-recorded, left, on a bikini-length of back and the curve of a good taut waist. Beyond the black tapes: golden-yellow knit and a little bit of a skirt that flips when it moves. In double-knit jersey of rayon and cotton. \$35. By Betsey Johnson for Paraphernalia. Small ivory rib cage, right, taped up in burgundy; skirt of same, short and frisky. To add: a handle-bar twist of Dynel hair. To get into: great shape—that's all this dress asks of a girl. By Korrigan, of wool knit; about \$60. At Bonwit Teller.

**VIVA KNITS!...  
THE BATHING-SUIT  
DRESSES**





# L E MAGNIFICHE CARACCILO

*CONTESSA VIOLANTE VISCONTI DI MODRONE*

Two sisters, two beauties. The younger daughters of Don Adolfo and Donna Anna Caracciolo di Castagneto stir the mind to far-off centuries. Their names ring forth ancient Italian families: a Neapolitan lineage dating back a thousand years and Visconti forebears who ruled Milan





UGO MULAS

*DONNA ALLEGRA CARACCILO DI CASTAGNETO*

as early as 1200 A.D. and built the castle of Grazzano which now belongs to their mother and towers in the background of this photograph. Their looks evoke other eras. Contessa Violante, *left*, brings back the *Ottocento* with her large shy eyes, beguiling smile, translucent skin; Donna Allegra, *right*, breathes a *Rinascimento* allure kindled by fiery eyes, vivacious gaiety, ember-deep voice. They are seated on the castle steps, both in the vividly simple 1966 knits they love—eye-stopping black and whiteneedled by Tricò. Both dresses, in America at Macy's Little Shop; Carson Pirie Scott. The coiffures by Vergottini of Milan.





*The Caracciolo sisters in the mediaeval dress worn through out Grazzano Visconti Village.*

Weekend visits to the family castello di Grazzano change Allegra (left, near right) and Violante (far right) into beauties of the fourteenth century. Here, before the castle doors—mounted with predatory falcons' skeletons against the evil eye in ancient Grazzano tradition—they wear the black habits with white sleeves and blue, pink, or red embroidery designed by their grandfather, Conte Giuseppe Visconti, when he recreated a mediaeval village around the ancestral *Trecento* castle and trained wood-carvers, lace-makers, and iron-mongers in proud but vanishing crafts. For this signorial achievement across six centuries, Vittorio Emanuele III bestowed on him the title Duca di Grazzano.









UGO MULAS

## LE MAGNIFICHE CARACCILO

*From Grazzano Le Magnifiche take separate directions—Donna Allegra's far-flung; the Contessa, home to Milan.* Sunday evenings the Caracciolo sisters leave Grazzano—each for her separate world. Donna Allegra, above and right, switches from black and white mediaeval dress to her latest black and white Tricò—the knitted geometry worn here with an orange turtleneck sweater; rushes off to Malpensa Airport bound for Paris, Marrakech, or Madrid. Just twenty, she loves painting, dancing, to-and-froing about the Mediterranean with her cousin, Marella Agnelli, on the Agnelli's yacht "Sylvia"; next year she hopes to skip Rome and the *casa Caracciolo* for a full-fledged career in New York. Contessa Violante purrs her Ferrari north to the Palazzo Visconti in Milan where her life centres delightedly around her husband, Conte Gianmaria Visconti di Modrone (a first cousin), their six-months-old son Luchino—named for the sisters' uncle, the celebrated movie director, Luchino Visconti—and Conte Gianmaria's "Inter," the *Internazionale F. C.* soccer team of Milan which the Viscontis follow avidly the length and breadth of Italy. Different in so many ways, both sisters infuse the Caracciolo style into their chosen lives: home and family for Contessa Violante; far shores, new horizons for Donna Allegra.







# THE POWER TO RESIST DISEASE: *the terrain*

Think back to that last bout of flu you had. It was unpleasant for a day or two, probably, but with compensations later—a spell away from the office; grapes and sympathy. It must have been that bug that was going the rounds, friends told you. Poor you . . .

Most of us tend to think of all illness in these terms—as something out of our control. Some predatory germ or virus attacks us and down we go. We talk of “our” backache or ulcer or migraine as if we had adopted them—and we have. Not because we want them. We *need* them. Too heavy a load has been put on us and illness is our way out.

Our grandparents were contemptuous of “nerves”; the idea of a man’s taking one kind of pill to enable him to sleep, another to keep him awake, and yet another to help him get through the day at the office would have filled them with contempt. “Pull yourself together,” was their prescription; and it often worked. But it can no longer work because nerves are no longer regarded as a character defect. They have attained clinical responsibility as neuroses. In any case, if we believe we are ill, we *are* ill—unless there is a way of convincing us to the contrary.

The reason we have not understood this is that, since the discoveries of Pasteur, medical science has been dominated by the idea of disease as analogous to an invasion by enemy forces. Microbes, viruses, and toxins are regarded as invaders who have to be fought off with the help of the mercenaries—drugs. At first sight, the analogy looks valid. It is sometimes possible to plot an advancing epidemic as one plots the advance of an army, by sticking flags into maps.

This analogy is in fact misleading. . . . Throughout history there have been two conflicting theories of disease: One is “vitalist”—that health is a state of harmony, or grace (in the Christian sense); illness, a reflection of disharmony or disgrace. The patient is the victim of a witch’s spell, or of God’s displeasure. Treatment must concern itself not with the symptoms but with the cause—and whatever is wrong in the patient’s psyche.

The rival theory is pragmatic. Health and ill-health, its exponents have always claimed, are natural conditions; ill-health is simply the consequence either of unnatural practices (say, over-eating) or of an attack by one of man’s numerous natural enemies, which can be warded off with the help of antidotes—herbs, simples, or drugs.

For centuries the vitalists had the better of the argument, largely because the pragmatists could not find the natural enemies which they believed existed—viruses, as they were called, in a wider sense than the term is used

today—and so found it hard to fight them. But with Pasteur, and the microbiological revolution that followed his work, the pragmatists came into their own. Here, visible under the microscope, were the actual agents that carried disease. Soon counter-agents were being marketed; and the discovery of the sulfa drugs and of the antibiotics, gave rise to an expectation that eventually the cause and cure of all, or almost all, diseases would be found. The vitalists were regulated to the sidelines—lingering on chiefly in unorthodox medicine, in such practices as acupuncture and spiritual healing.

But there was one flaw in the pragmatists’ argument. In an epidemic, not everybody gets flu. Many people have emerged unscathed even from the most devastating plagues of history. It used to be thought that they had simply been lucky: that the marauding viruses had happened to miss them. But now it is known that some people have a built-in resistance to disease agents: and others, still more remarkably, are able to tame dangerous organisms—typhoid “carriers” being a notorious example. Clearly, germs and viruses are not the cause of disease—not, at least, the sole cause. There must be some other factor. And here, vitalism has stepped back into the ring.

This theory was first formally expounded, probably, in ancient China as an off-shoot of Taoism. Health was regarded as a state of balance between the forces of Yang and Yin, positive and negative. The precise nature of the forces remains elusive—like that of the “Holy Spirit” of the Christian Trinity; but according to the Chinese, health depended upon their balance being maintained. By taking a patient’s pulse, the Chinese acupuncturist seeks to diagnose which force is inadequate. His needles are then inserted at specific points on the channels through which the forces are presumed to operate, acting like spurs on a lazy horse’s flank, and restoring equilibrium. The fact that some people have the power to resist or to tame disease agents is related, the vitalists claim, to the *vis medicatrix naturae* of Hippocrates—the body’s own healing powers—operated by the individual’s own nervous vitality. And in the warding off of disease, it is our nervous vitality which really counts.

This was demonstrated in a classic but now almost forgotten experiment conducted by the great German doctor, Max von Pettenkofer, as long ago as 1892. The idea that germs were *the* cause of disease was then establishing itself. But Pettenkofer, though he was not so foolish as to deny that there were germs, or that they could cause illness, insisted that what really mattered was not the germ, but the “*terrain*”—the *general* condition of the community,



# of HEALTH

## BY BRIAN INGLIS

economic, social, even spiritual; and the *particular* condition of individuals—their heredity, their constitution, their physical and emotional state. To prove his point, Pettenkofer obtained from Robert Koch some of the cholera organisms which Koch had recently isolated, and proceeded to drink what Koch insisted would be a lethal dose. It gave Pettenkofer mild diarrhoea; his laboratory assistants, who also took doses, did not suffer.

Some fifty years later Dr. A. T. W. Simeons, researching tropical diseases in India, came up with an explanation of why Pettenkofer's escape was no fluke. The acid normally present in the stomach, Simeons found, is sufficient to deal with the cholera organism. Only if the flow of acid is for some reason interrupted can the virus become destructive. "Now, one thing that stops the flow of acid in the stomach is fear and panic," Simeons explained. "So it may come about that those most terrified of death are just the ones the cholera kills . . . fear might thus play an important part in the selection of victims."

This discovery set Simeons thinking: *why* does the mind let the body down in this way? He decided to investigate the natural history of disease; and in his *Man's Presumptuous Brain*, published in 1960, he came up with an evolutionary explanation. Primitive man, when frightened, instinctively prepared for fight or flight through a number of reflex actions; among them, his digestive system stopped working to concentrate all his body's energies for the challenge. But this reflex, valuable though it had been in a confrontation with a sabre-tooth tiger, was irrelevant against the cholera microbe—which took advantage of man's weakness to cut a swath through whole communities. It was that old evolutionary story: a failure of adaptation.

Civilized man has found ways to deal with cholera; but similar failures of adaptation can be found at work in civilization. Like primitive man, our digestive processes stop, or slow down, whenever we are worried or anxious. But often we don't take the hint: we continue to eat, and drink, with unfortunate results for our digestions.

What happens was illustrated by an experiment undertaken in the early 1960's which ought to be, and eventually will be, a classic in the annals of research. As a result of a childhood accident "Tom," who worked in a New York hospital, could not swallow food in the ordinary way; he had to feed himself through a tube inserted into his abdominal wall. Two doctors working in the hospital—H. G. Wolff and Stewart Wolf—realized that this provided them with an unusual opportunity to study the effects on Tom's digestive processes of, among other things, alarm. One day,

Tom was given to understand that he might lose his job; and his stomach promptly recorded the shock. The colour of its lining blanched (as a man's face does, when frightened), and the mucous membrane became so fragile that friction, or even light pressure, caused it to bleed.

Tom was quickly relieved of his alarm: the colour returned to his stomach lining, and so did the flow of mucus, which meant that the erosions could heal rapidly. But some of us are less fortunate; worries nag us and are not resolved. Sometimes we do not even know why we are worried; the causes lie too deep in the subconscious mind. But even if we are aware of them we may be unable to do anything about them—and the consequent frustrations are sometimes destructive.

Again, this mechanism has been demonstrated by recent research. In Montreal Hans Selye treated rats with a cortisone derivative, which had no ill effects; but "when these rats were later strapped to a board (a frustrating experience which leads to nervous excitement and struggle) large patches of their heart muscle underwent acute disintegration, and all the animals died within a few hours."

How well some of us know that feeling of being strapped to a board! We may like our job, but loathe our immediate boss; or loathe the job, yet be afraid to leave it. We may love our family, and yet periodically resent the restrictions on liberty or the obedience to conventions that family life can impose. For a few people, the onset of illness is actually often linked to their frustrations: headaches before the in-law's arrival are far from uncommon. But for most of us, illness is not necessarily related to any specific event; it may follow a prolonged build-up of tension.

Either way, though, most of the minor ailments we suffer from can be regarded as a release mechanism. Some of us have our own built-in fuse—a periodically slipping disc is one of the commonest. Or we may take advantage of whatever epidemic happens to be available. What we catch is undoubtedly an infection, but it is a little hard to put the blame on the germ or virus concerned. We all breathe in billions of disease agents daily, but we *catch* their disease only when we need to—when, through our lowered nervous vitality, we give them permission to go on the rampage.

This may appear a startling departure from accepted ideas about health and disease, but really all that it means is a return to the synthesis between vitalism and pragmatism that was proposed a century ago by the French scientist Claude Bernard. Bernard believed, and was able to demonstrate, that the human body works through what he described as its homeostatic system, (Continued on page 150)









## JILL TOWNSEND

That lace...like loomed moonlight, now in the dreamiest new young shapes. New love in lace: the young American actress, Jill Townsend, who made her Broadway debut in *Inadmissible Evidence*, playing, wordlessly, the sulky sounding-board of a daughter. *Left*, she wears black point d'esprit lace with a little gathered top, strippy halter back, short full skirt. By Donald Brooks, of McConnell rayon-and-silk lace; about \$190 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. *Right*: Jill Townsend in short white lace with a halter top, low back with bathing-suit straps, short skirt. (Both laces, worn over nothing-coloured slips.) By Donald Brooks, of Whelan rayon-cotton-nylon lace; about \$275 at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak. Arranger of the long taffy-pull of Townsend hair: Sebou of the House of Revlon.

# LOVE THAT LACE





## L LOVE THAT LACE

The sure lure of black lace, with fascinations at the back—bareness haltered or strapless, black satin ribbons, a rippled fin of black ruffles.

*Left:* Lace small dress—spiderweb black with a halter neck, low back with satin bow, a flounce at the short hem. By Dominic for Matty Talmack, of McConnell nylon-and-cotton lace.

K.J.L. earrings. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Montaldo's; Harzfeld's; Frost Bros.

*Right:* Black Chantilly lace, charmingly small and narrow, wrapped to the back and caught up in a cascade of scalloped ruffles, a streaming black satin bow. By Christian Dior-New York, of silk-and-cotton lace. Dress at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus. Kramer earrings. The satin-bowed coiffures, by Sebou of the House of Revlon.










*Left:* Pale-blue lace, high string-tied waist, high squared top, short gathered skirt. By Malcolm Starr, of MacCarthy cotton-and-nylon lace; about \$145 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Kenneth Lane earrings. The sandals by De Liso Debs.

*Right:* Lime Chantilly lace, shaped to a narrow A; with high neck, little sleeves, little scallops. By Nat Kaplan, of Stern & Stern cotton-and-nylon lace. About \$110. Mimi di N earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.



# LOVE THAT LACE



*Right:* Froufrou lace... short, black, with tiny buttons across the shoulders, three deep flounces. Both necklines—a high one in lace, over a low strapless slip—enchanting. By Adele Simpson, of rayon-silk-and-cotton lace; about \$185. Napier ring. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Rich's; Halle Bros. Joseph Warner earrings. Kayser stockings. Stanley Philipson shoes. All the coiffures: Sebou of the House of Revlon.







## LOVE THAT LACE

*Left:* Like a mantilla, falling in folds to the floor, a dress of gold and black lace, slightly A-shaped, over a narrow black crêpe underdress. The sleeves and skirt, edged in gold scalloped borders. By Gustave Tassell, of McConnell lace; at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Harold's; I. Magnin. Earrings by House of Joy. Necklace of jonquil-coloured glitter, by Joseph Warner. Switched-on coiffure: Sebou of House of Revlon.

*Right:* Lime lace—like sprouts of fresh flowers—shaped to a short narrow dress with below-elbow sleeves, scalloped edges, a raglan-slanted slip that bares the shoulders to lace. By Gustave Tassell, of McConnell lace. Sparkle-drop earrings by Mimi di N. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Rich's; I. Magnin. Hanes green seamless stockings. Coiffure with fronds of hair, by Ruel of Coiffures Americana.





Geometric drift—a bold, covering latticework of brown-and-white chiffon falling straight to the body in an unbroken flow of pattern. Dinner dress by Chuck Howard of Townley, of Fisher & Gentile silk chiffon over a slip of silk crêpe. About \$160. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. House of Berland jewellery, at Altman's.



NIGHT-DRIFTS—THE UNBELTED DRESS



**W**atercolour drift—blue-and-green cage of organza set loose from cutaway shoulders and deeply flounced. By Oscar de la Renta for Jane Derby, of Bianchini silk organza over silk crêpe. Jewelled flowers by Jack Gilbert. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz. Bernardo sandals. Both coiffures: Sebou, House of Revlon.





**D**oubled chiffon poncho in lengths of orange and yellow—like a sheet of flame thrown over a narrow slashed underskirt of gold brocade. Dress by Stavropoulos. Poncho of silk chiffon; underskirt of rayon woven with metallic threads (Abraham fabric). At Bonwit Teller; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Amelia Gray. Robert Originals jewelled-flower earrings.





Night-fall of bitter-green crêpe—soft slender folds spilled straight and unbelted from a cowled Empire bodice, a low bared back. Dinner dress by Wilson Folmar, of Couleur silk. About \$145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; L. S. Ayres. Richelieu jewellery. Charles Jourdan strips-of-silver sandals. Both coiffures by Sebou of House of Revlon.



NIGHT-DRIFTS—THE UNBELTED DRESS









# THE MANY WORLDS OF THE ENTRANCING PRINCESS OF BERAR

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON

With turquoise-coloured eyes, dark auburn hair, dazzling white skin, and marvellous high-bridged nose, the exceptionally tall Princess of Berar is of striking beauty. Dressed in a sari (each one that she has is more magnificent than the others) and an astonishing display of jewels, she looks sensational. She elects to avoid the public gaze. So retiring by nature is she that she manages to preserve her essence for the special benefit of her family, her relations, and her friends, for the Princess possesses a rare appreciation of the individual and the personal.

Her father, a direct descendant of Suleiman the Conqueror, was not only a great exponent of the art of calligraphy, but a painter, musician, and gardener of exceptional talents. His daughter has inherited his many interests.

Her rooms in Hyderabad or in the London house (which has only the Green Park between her and Kensington Palace) indicate the Ottoman perfectionism of her taste. Books are everywhere; huge volumes on the frescoes of Ajanta, on modern painting, on gardening, and on English furniture. The bookcases are filled with fine bindings on works in half a dozen languages. Chairs and footstools are covered with petit point worked by the Princess, and the walls are hung with a polyglot collection of pictures and objects: the sword of Suleiman the Conqueror; a copy of Gentile Bellini's portrait of Sultan Mohammed II; seventeenth-century gilt brackets originally used as racks for turbans; and on shelves, standing in serried display, the delightful collection of eighteenth-century Turkish thin-necked glass bottles for rose water.

The Princess of Berar speaks slowly in a deep quiet voice; sometimes somewhat hesitantly, but one would never wish to prompt her; nor would one raise one's voice in her presence. It is a privilege to bask in the climate of restfulness and serenity created by someone who considers solitude an essential part of mental health.

Although she is a product of the evolution of Turkey, and her childhood was spent in the south of France, she feels that (Continued on page 148)

## H.H. THE PRINCESS OF BERAR

The daughter of the last Caliph of Turkey was photographed, *left*, in her London house wearing, with one of her golden saris, a necklace of Turkish diamonds which belonged to her grandfather, the Sultan Abdul Aziz, whose portrait, painted by her father, is shown here. Reticent, enchanting, with a fine, rare vein of humour, the Princess is married to H.H. The Prince of Berar, son of the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose riches are reputedly the greatest in the world.





The exquisite, learned Princess of Berar,  
wearing, *left*, ropes of pearls,  
emeralds, and uncut rubies, and,  
*right*, a torrent of carved emeralds.













## CONTE AND CONTESSA BRANDOLINI D'ADDA

IN THE INDIAN PAVILION OF THEIR VENETIAN PALAZZO

Searchers, finders, travellers, discriminators, the Brandolinis, when they are not at one end or another of the earth, live with their four sons in the Brandolini family place north of Venice, or in their Paris apartment, or their house in Tangier, or their Venetian palazzo. Within this palazzo, with most of its salons nostalgic with gilding and damask, the Brandolinis were photographed, *left*, in a room recently redone to their message. Here, cotton Indian tent material, dyed honey gold, covers walls, lamps, tables, sofas. The same cloth, dyed a washed blue, covers cushions. Rush matting coats the floor, and around the room ranges the Conte's collection of non-cliché Orientalia. The result is distilled Brandolini—at once as swingy, fresh, and exotic as the look of the Contessa, *above*, just returned from the beach with her wet hair turbanned in a towel. Interested in art, music, experimental films and literature, the Brandolinis enjoy fast-moving minds and fast-moving vehicles, brilliant, easy entertaining: Their interest in changes in the manners and arts of living is Proustian.



**"FEET, EYE, MATADOR,"** right, by Joseph Raffaele, a gregarious, good-looking, thirty-two-year-old painter, some of whose works were in the recent fresh exhibition, "The Photographic Image," at New York's Guggenheim Museum. The point: Raffaele's immaculate paintings simulate exactly his photographic sources, a switch on photographers relying on paintings. Raffaele's co-painters in this show were Robert Rauschenberg, Suzi Gablik, Malcolm Morley, Andy Warhol, Lynn Foulkes, and Richard Artschwager, all chosen by Lawrence Alloway.

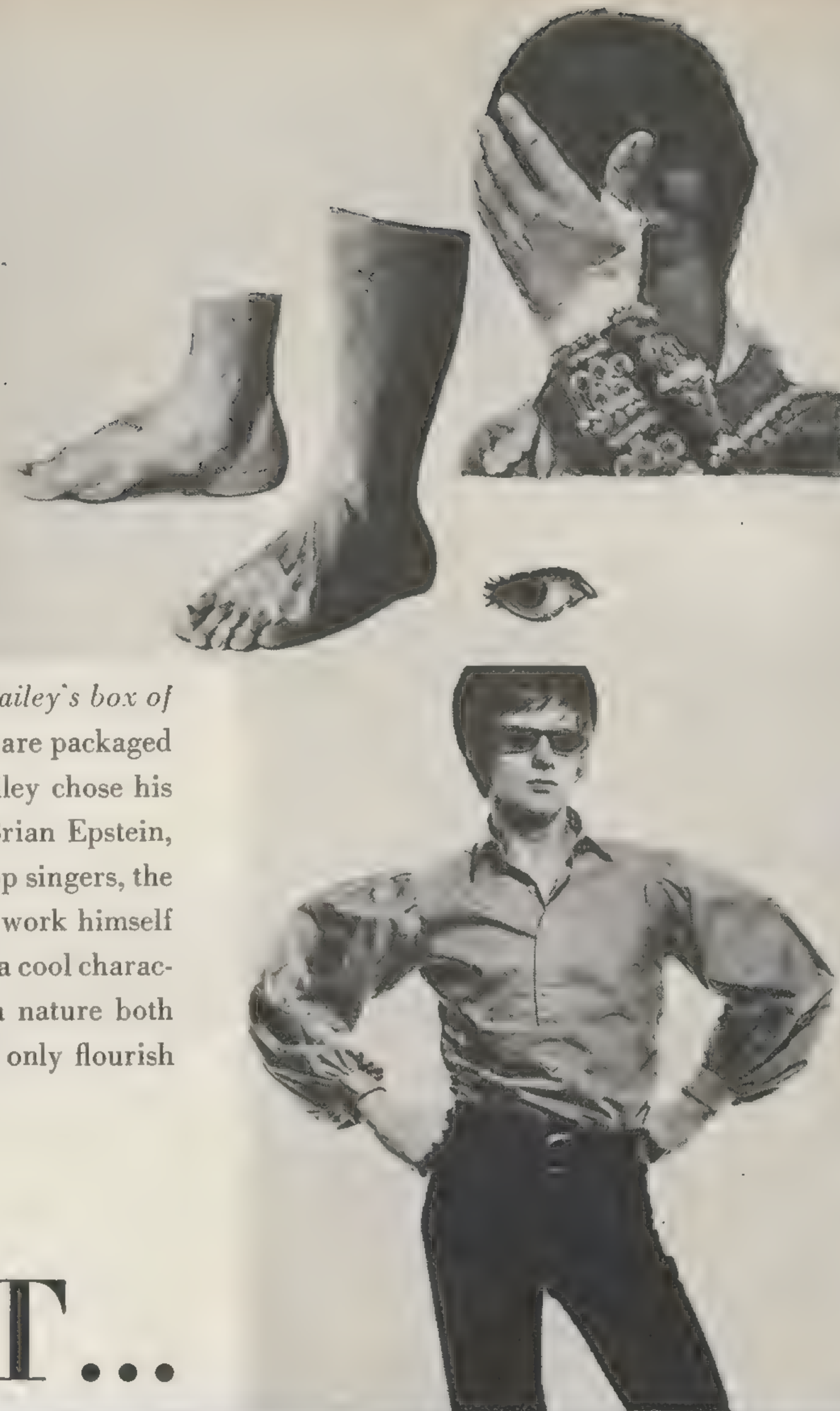
**ANDREW OLDHAM,** right, whose photograph is one of thirty-six in *David Bailey's box of pin-ups*, published recently in London. The thirty-six photographs, each one separate, are packaged in a big white box with notes by Francis Wyndham. Delighted by the tinsel life, Bailey chose his subjects by their 1965 awareness, including naturally the Beatles, their manager, Brian Epstein, and Oldham, whose major claim on fame lies in the expertness of his managing the pop singers, the Rolling Stones. Wyndham wrote of him: "'Producing' at a recording session, he can work himself into a frenzy. . . . 'That's very wankable indeed.' " To that Wyndham added: "But he's a cool character really. His epicene figure, pretty weasel's face and affected mannerisms conceal a nature both calculating and tough. . . . A contradictory, decadent, impatient personality, he could only flourish in the peculiar climate of English pop today."

## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

**THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE** in New York, playing Molière as if on needle-points and Feydeau as if on elastic bands, and offering the world première of Henry de Montherlant's revised play, *La Reine Morte*, the greatest success of the Comédie Française for the past twenty years. Right, a photograph of Montherlant, a brilliantly corrosive writer, rooted, solid, definitely one of the two or three most important men in the French literary life, with Geneviève Casile, one of the young shoots in this classically trained company whose great accomplishment may be its roux of taste, enunciation, and modulated passion.

**CECIL BEATON,** and his new portrait paintings that show a deepening feeling, a further search. (For another facet of this many-talented man, see pages 140-142.) Although Beaton does not call the twenty-seven oils on exhibition (at London's Lefevre Gallery until February 27) portraits, he does call each of them by a generic label—Poet, Actor, Painter—and it is quite plain that in the case of the Actor, bottom right, he must have been thinking of Sir Alec Guinness. Beaton said: "I never had any training in any college of art and I thought I needed it, so ten years ago I went to the Slade School for three years and then to the Royal College of Art on and off for two years. It gave me confidence. All these paintings have been done in the past year and a half from sketches, newspaper photographs, even television."

**FRANÇOISE SAGAN,** shown, opposite, with her clever, enchanting, three-year-old son, Denis, walking in Normandy down an allée at the Manoir du Breuil. These days Mlle. Sagan is celebrating the enormous popularity of her novel, *La Chamade*, which first appeared in Paris last September and will appear in this country early in the summer. Quick, logical, with Sagan's special lucidity, *La Chamade* is a superb study of jealousy. Better than her past books, the new novel is a network of crisscrossing love affairs: A young girl, mistress of an older man, falls deeply in love with a young man, lover of an older woman. The plot does not matter, what does is the way Sagan understands the pain, the small, tender wisdom that lies in recovery. She takes emotions by the neck and dangles them in front of her readers. She likes to explore and analyze passion, and no one does better at explaining passionate jealousy.













# the body-shrinkers

## WHAT THEY CAN DO FOR YOU— INSIDE, OUTSIDE, SKINSIDE

**C**an a body be improved—  
measurably—at any age?

Put the question to a body-shrinker (our name for the specialist who practises exercise theories) and you'll get the answer: yes. And no doubt dozens of cheery case histories recounted as well. But what works for others won't necessarily work for you, if, lurking in your conscious or in the sub-cellar of same, there is something that breaks your exercise-resolve before it's really made; something that serves unfailingly to de-motivate you. We polled some resolute non-exercisers (who could clearly use the stuff), and found these to be the most prevalent excuses: Weak will. "Poor" health. Little hope. Big problem with what exercise does to wreck a fresh coiffure. Mild problem of: "Why bother when I have all these nasty little broken blood vessels on my legs?" Pulling the carpet out from under such excuses: a privilege exercised in the article at right. (Belt at left, orange cobra, lime stones, by Mimi di N. at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Sakowitz.)

There once was a thing called Everybody's Dress. You bought it, put it on, and presumably hit upon a certain chic—bull's-eye or approximately. Plenty of this easily dished-out fashionableness is still around, but another kind of seizure has superseded it. A thing called Everybody's Shape.

Lean, lithe, with a slight bloom of roundness at calf and wide-set bosom, Everybody's Shape is the figure everyone needs for fashion. So, naturally, everyone has it.

Where did all those everyones suddenly get the new figure? The figure that moves so sleekly under graphic little dresses? Why, at the body-shrinker's—where else? At the office, salon, gym, health club, dancing class, or demonstration headquarters of one professional figure therapist or another. Whatever, what the body-shrinkers as a group have proved beyond question is this: body beautifulness is get-able. Just as a dress is something subject to choice, so, within reason, is body chic.

The idea that the body can be *dragged* into shape if necessary, or at least into the semblance of shape, is new and arresting. New and probably maddening to many women who prefer to think it's either too late to matter or too soon to worry about the body as a machine that can stand some tuning up. (Wrong is what they generally are, either way.) New, too, to body-thinking is the esteem in which the up-and-down diets are held. Once thought to be the key to figure control, fad-dieting has lately been losing advocates in droves. Experience seems to have got it through their heads at last that I'll-try-anything diets can deliver weight loss (however briefly), but such diets can't guarantee delivery of shape. And it's shape, not actual weight, that matters.

There is no question about it—none at all: *only* a sensible, lifelong eating plan, plus exercise of some suitable and consistent form, can redesign a figure and keep it redesigned. But *only* is a sweeping word, so we'll weasel it a little. We'll break down into three layers this look at the body as an improvable property—namely, into the inside, the outside, and the skinside of body chic.

Inside every successful job of body reshaping, there's will power. The will to make reshaping happen, and the power to make it go on happening until and after a breakthrough is achieved. No matter what form of exercise therapy is brought to bear, body improvement is evident usually only after six weeks of steady work. "Then," say the majority of happy inhabitants of Everybody's Shape, "the results seem to come overnight." And it's true. They do. Many exercise-class dropouts are women who have made it to the fourth and fifth week—then, seeing nothing happening, they have given up. (Too bad. What if the "Mayflower" had given up five miles east of Plymouth?)

But inside the will to get exercises going, there may dwell revolutionary forces. By revolutionary, we mean one thing and one thing only: replacement of the natural body substance called estrogen. At (Continued on the next page)



# BEAUTY

## bulletin

(Continued from preceding page) the precise point at which, since forever, women have traditionally lost their grip on youth, there is now the much-discussed estrogenic hormone pill. We cite it here because among the many things it seems to do is this: it powers that portion of the will that relates to vanity.

The question of who takes which pill at what age has been confusing, we admit. But as of this moment, it looks as though there probably isn't a woman alive today for whom estrogenic hormones should not at least be *considered* at some point. Either at present or in the future. At twenty, or thereabouts, estrogen is presented as a part of the birth-control pill which is currently being taken by an estimated five to seven million women. At forty-some-odd, it is the crutch that can get a woman through menopause (with luck and estrogen, menopause never happens; only the ability to manufacture a child ceases). And at fifty, and from then on—possibly as long as she lives—a slightly altered program of the same estrogen and progesterone combination becomes the replacement device that can brighten the spirits, provide new energy and resolve, and measurably tone the body's framework and resiliency. The *wish* to exercise and the physical *ability* to exercise are obviously essential to getting into good shape. To achieve it, you actually have to go to the telephone and make an appointment for figure therapy; and you have to get both shoes on to get there. This takes initiative; initiative takes will. The appraisal of your condition for an exercise program is your doctor's work—he may measure metabolism; he'll sound your heart and lungs and history; and as of now, he just may give you a boost by estrogen pill. If you think you're a candidate: ask.

Outside the will to exercise and the bodily power to exercise, there's a crucial layer of force. About which, good news. Proved improvable at almost any age, muscle tone can profit from a proper workout. From the work of the body-shrinkers, that is. This means: exercise under good supervision. (Supervision abounds. Under the heading of reducing treatments, the Manhattan classified directory lists some seventy separate telephone numbers of body-shrinkers. And this yellow-pages array doesn't even include the exercise elite—such taskmasters as Pilates, Kounovsky, Manya Kahn, Carola Trier, et cetera; nor the long-established specialists who perform their disciplines within the salons of Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein. For people with health too “poor” for exercise, there's passive exercise. The electronic age has supplied machines to contract the muscles rhythmically.)

Even if, in the end, you wind up by being your own body-shrinker, it's important that you begin with supervision. And if your selected form of muscle toning is machine (Relax-A-cizer), have a checkup from time to time on whether you've got the placement right. Successful body-shrinking is precision work. It depends upon making the right muscles do the right things within the right rhythm. On *varying* tension with relaxation in a perfectly-timed and carefully-planned manner. The *tension-relaxation pattern* is what makes a muscle tighten and firm. (And what also accounts for why some extremely active people are badly shaped despite “all the exercise.” They're simply not flexing the muscle that needs to be flexed for shape's sake; or their activities may be all tension—in which case the muscle isn't being properly worked.)

One other thing about a happy course of body-shrinking: it'll be happier if you have a wig. If you go to a gym, you certainly will want to shower afterwards; if you go to a dancing class, ditto; ditto after any physical activity. Because ruined hair very often leads to ruined exercise resolve, expect some ruination and be ready with some sort of dodge.

Skinside is, curiously enough, where a lot of good figure intentions break down—“Well, you see, I have all these hideous little blue spiders on my thighs and ankles, so I can't wear a bathing suit anyway.” In the first place, you need (Continued on page 147)

Said George Hill—director of Julie Andrews' forthcoming film, *Hawaii*—of the pure-blooded people of those islands: “They are gentle, attractive, humane.” Attractive quote, we thought—and thought of it again when Dorothy Gray came along with the idea of Hawaii as a source of beauty, and designed three new lipsticks on that theme. Here, a pinked-up colour they call Hawaii Pearl is slipped over a non-shade called Diamond Head. (Diamond Head can be used as an overcoat or undercoat to thin any colour and make it silkier.) ... Gentle, attractive, humane, would you say? Well, all three lipsticks are washed with pearl; all three are moist; and the whole idea does seem pretty attractive. (Raffia necklace and yellow bracelet by Jack Gilbert. At Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Bramson; I. Magnin.)

















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Breakaway to what's in, what's now.  
In-swinging: the girl with a special look.

Way, way in: the puzzlers.  
Geometric puzzle dress, *left*: giant swirls  
of colour grooved in place by thick black  
lines—strong swerves of white.

You take it from there: to Malkan's,  
Ondine, wherever. About \$110.

Strapped sandals: Lord & Taylor.  
Double puzzler, *opposite*: find the coat,  
find the dress. Answer? The wool coat has  
black sleeves; the dress, none. Put the pieces  
together and it's red, black, white all the  
way to the floor—all the way to the big action.

Costume, about \$250. On both pages:  
everything by John Kloss; both  
dresses in Chardon Marché crêpe  
of acetate and Enka rayon. All at Henri  
Bendel; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin.

Coiffures by Ruel of Coiffures  
Americana. Silvered makeup  
could be something called  
the Lunar Look—about which  
more in Ready Beauty, this issue.





**b**reakaway: pulse-word to what goes now. Beat and Mod are O.T.Q. (out of the question, no good). You've got to P.T.R. (play the rôle). In London a gold mouse is a blonde. To gross-out anywhere is to bomb.

Breakaway night places: Malkan's; the point—no atmosphere; you just see everyone you know, unless they're at Frey's or The Losers. ... Ondine still okay for non-still dancing in N.Y....Paris: Le Bus Palladium in high gear at 6 rue Fontaine (dance—le monkiss; dress—Al Capone, from Pop Age boutique right next door and open to 2:00 A.M.)....In N.Y., lunch or dinner at Elaine's, Isle of Capri, Trader Vic's; 4:00 A.M. Brasserie breakfasts.

**BREAKAWAY: IF YOU CAN'T HAVE AN "AVEC" WITH CHRISTOPHE, THE "COMME TOUJOURS" RECORD STAR OF PARIS, HIS STAND-IN BETTER WEAR: DARK-GREEN, NAVY-BLUE, MAROON BROOKS SHIRTS.... POLKA-DOT TIES, VERY WIDE (AS IN MAESTRO)....WITH DINNER JACKETS: BEIGE SILK SHIRTS, SILK TWILL WAISTCOATS....NAVY-BLUE BLAZER NOW SHORTER WITH FITTED WAIST—CROSS BETWEEN ROMAN TAILORS AND SAVILE ROW. ...BIG: GLOVES SLIPPED THROUGH EPAULETTES OF BRITISH WARM.... TURTLENECK SWEATERS IN WHITE, TAN, NAVY BLUE....MAROON, DARK-GREEN, OR NAVY-BLUE CORDUROY PANTS. . . . HAIRCUT: ENGLISH, NOT TAPERED, WITH SIDEBURNS.**

Breakaway: the girl who wants a look right now; tomorrow it's a dropout. Today it's geometric puzzler dresses. Skinny square-necked stocking sweaters from France. Voile shirts for summer. Men's trousers scissored off above the knee; tailored pea jackets; narrow bell-bottoms. Short culottes wildly in for evening; all clothes wild for parties. Skirts bare more leg—knee-plus day or night. Stockings go pale-pastel, faint-textured; late, gold or silver mesh. Hair: Vidal has the wizard scissors—for the right person. Otherwise, hair long, straight—very; Dynel hairpieces in twin pigtail tassels, like a Cherokee's.

...The Beatles; the Beatles and Beatles on TV; in the movies. They carry Bob Dylan the Byrds (they sound like Byrds) glasses—off to the glasses, glasses, glasses. The Who singing "My Generation"; the Young Rascals who started the first girl kick for large audiences (the 1960s). Music styles more. ...Dressed—this is not too "depressing"; it's "depressing" on 6th St. What will read? Bernardine (Wagner, George Morgan, George Christopher, Julie Christie).



THE





# B R E A K A W A Y S



Breakaway—in, now: the girl on a jig-puzzle jag.

*Far left:* Big easy geometrics in one long puzzle going curvy from bosom straight down to the floor. Big party puzzler, in plum, lemon, and sunflower yellow crêpe. About \$125. Kaleidoscopic puzzle, *centre:* colour projected on colour. Halter puzzle dress cutting high above the knee; in purple, split-pea-green, and sunflower yellow crêpe. About \$80. Real puzzler, *below,* with some of the pieces missing—long-sleeved, geometric crêpe, very short. In purple, sunflower-yellow and split-pea-green crêpe. About \$125. All dresses by Jonathan Hitchcock, in Chardon-Marché crêpe of acetate and Enka rayon.


At Robert Leader. Hanes seamless panti-hose. Coiffures, on both pages: Ruel of Coiffures Americana.



# THE BREAKAWAYS







Breakaway—stripes: angling the big news, running wide and wild for parties. These and the clothes on the next two pages, worn by Jill Townsend, the not-so-plain Jane of *Inadmissible Evidence*. Jailbreak stripes, *opposite*: bias, horizontal—a fast getaway over the body in a navy-blue and white haltered tank dress. By Emmanuelle Khanh for Carlette Editions: junior sizes. About \$30. (Delivery March 1.) Peck & Peck. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Jester stripes, *right*: zigzags spoof the white and lime-green hems of an all-out orange handkerchief dress. Guy D by Leo Narducci. In Celanese acetate and rayon crêpe. About \$45. (Delivery March 1.) Circle-in-the-square earrings by Castlecliff. Both at Altman's. Dress, also at Woodward & Lothrop. Both coiffures: Jean Paul of the House of Revlon.







# THE BREAK AWAYS

Breakaway — pants: the cut-out hip, straight wide shorts, the carton shape. Newest sun-spot, *far left*: the hip, circled bare, in lime-green bell-bottoms—a smidge of white ribbing makes the brightest halter top. By Ingeborg for Jane Irwill. Turtleneck knitted sweater, of Dacron and cotton, about \$14; knitted pants, of Dacron and cotton, about \$30. In junior sizes; delivery early March. Both at Henri Bendel.

Culotte-suit, *left*: great tomboy steal—a cow-puncher's jacket, a banker's trousers wide and short of the knee. Sand-pale suit and white ribbed turtleneck sweater, both by Luba for Kaleidoscope III, in junior sizes. Suit, in linen Tergal and rayon (Boussac of France fabric); Orlon sweater. About \$100. At Bonwit Teller. Milk-carton pants, *right*: stitched creases square the legs, hold a sharp edge on the in-look—the squarest; big black cubes put the bare, halter top right on the line. The top and pants by Roberto Rojas for Stiletto, in milky rayon-and-cotton. Top, about \$17; pants, about \$13. At Lord & Taylor; Famous-Barr; Dayton's.

All three coiffures:  
Jean Paul of the  
House of Revlon.





# JULIE CHRISTIE

# THE BREAKAWAYS

With her thick pale hair worn just as it pleases her to wear it, her easy vitality, and her level-eyed spill-the-beans candour, Julie Christie is the Breakaways' Breakaway—the girl who spells it all out: CONTEMPORARY. The way it is today. (Tomorrow: *Fahrenheit 451* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*; in both movies she plays “an anti-status-quo girl...a bit out of context with her time...slightly ahead.” The way it is.) Here, the darling of *Darling* and *Zhivago* wears a knit spelled JULIE—an undershirt dress, all action and colour; her kind of gear. Details, far right, below.







Undershirt dress, left to right, above-  
yellow on red, red on yellow, white  
on blue, blue on yellow, yellow on  
blue. By Tuffin & Foale; double-knitted  
cotton; jr. sizes. \$18. Paraphernalia.







**T**he other day, walking along a street in Florence, I saw Monica Vitti hop out of a cab and dash into a shop that sells straw things. I slowed down and peered through the shop window. She had her back toward me, but I saw that the ankles were not gazelle-slim like the actress's—it was not she. When I went into Standa, the Roman dime store, I thought I saw her behind the scarf counter. I saw a slithery fall of blond hair tossed back from a fresh face, but the face was plumpy, not the fine-eyed oval of Monica Vitti. And who was the blonde in a plain white dress with black horsehair belt dancing very slowly, like a happy sleepwalker, at the Piper Club in Parioli? I edged toward her. A false-gauche gesture took the hair away from her face, and I saw the profile: But no, the nose was a button, not the sensitive, bony thrust of Vitti, who has a hold-its-own-against-the-footlights nose precisely like Sarah Bernhardt's.

I got the point, Monica Vitti has reached Italy and has dethroned Audrey Hepburn and Brigitte Bardot as the vital silhouette of the moment. She is the 1966-image, and Contessine and shopgirls are striving to achieve some part of her style. The interesting thing here is that the Contessine never tried to imitate Bardot; the shopgirls never tried to be Hepburn. Every five years there's an actress who sets the tone of her half decade: She may have a career of half a century, but five years is the average as the image to be imitated. One could catalogue examples as an interesting lifetime work. Mae Murray's "bee-stung" lips, so current in the early twenties, may have come indirectly from the same Japanese prints which inspired Van Gogh and Gauguin. There are smart young Parisiennes today who echo without knowing it the gestures and the studiedly husky voice of the unfashionably slim Sarah Bernhardt. ("Up drove an empty carriage and out hopped Sarah Bernhardt" was a favourite joke of the 1860's.)

Now, a century later, here is Monica Vitti who is the amalgam international type of the moment. In a sense the French discovered her first, or at least appreciated her first, surprised by a kind of definite, wiry quality which could be American, but a pink-and-white complexion and clear amber eyes which look as though English mists and Devonshire cream have been at work. On the other hand, that artfully disarranged hair and a smart Italian cachet could only come out of brisk post-World War II Rome. The English took her up; she has crept up on the Italians.

The films she made for Michelangelo Antonioni, all variant commentaries on an emptiness at the heart of modern life, with Vitti playing variant readings of the "alienated" modern Latin woman who has lost her old sanctuary of home and family, but has not yet learned to cope with her "liberation," are especially timely in Italy, but it was American intellectuals who most appreciated the films and Miss Vitti's performances. The greater part of the general provincial public in Italy considers the films pretentious or boring.

So eyebrows were raised when news came that Miss Vitti would appear as an English comic-strip lady detective at war with international spies and drug runners in the movie *Modesty Blaise*. Hadn't Miss Vitti announced not a year ago that she had everything in common with the fragile and timid Antonioni heroines?

"Yes, I have. I'm always a little afraid, so afraid of everything. Of the dark, of being hurt either physically or spiritually, of the cold, of airplanes, of driving a car. I'm afraid that one day or other the producers will have no more rôles for me, that people won't like me any more."

I asked her: "Well, then, this violent female counterpart of James Bond called Modesty Blaise offers a real challenge to you? I mean, all those acrobatics and cliff-hanging. . . ."

She laughed her throaty laugh (move over, Jean Arthur; move over, (Continued on page 155)

# "I LOVE EVERY MOMENT" MONICA VITTI

BY EUGENE WALTER







# MONICA VITTI

During a spirited, mocking interval in the new, unreleased thriller-movie, *Modesty Blaise*, Miss Vitti, with dazzling new eye makeup, clowning as Peter O'Toole in desert costume for *Lawrence of Arabia*.





A woman with dark hair pulled back is sitting on wide, light-colored stone steps. She is wearing a gold-embroidered one-piece swimsuit and large, ornate earrings. Her legs are crossed at the ankles, and she is looking off to the side. The background is a warm, yellowish wall.

# GOLDEN DOTS AND TRELLISED JEWELS

Starting here, razzling dazzling looks for legs and feet, photographed by Norman Parkinson at his cliff-hanging sea house in Tobago, an island like a crushed green handkerchief thrown on the Caribbean. *The gilded leg, left:* golden dots rampant on sheer beige stockings; bare little ankle-strap slippers of golden brocade, toe flat and squared. Hudson stockings: Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Customcraft shoes. About \$24. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Fabiola. *The jewelled leg, right:* a trellis of embroidered roses and tiny flickering brilliants—marvellous stocking to wear one of, cover the other leg with sheeriness. Jewels in other places: a boing-boing ring—giant rhinestone on a spring; and a huge pet caterpillar coiled like an enamel bracelet. Mary Grey stockings. Jack Gilbert ring. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Stockings: Jordan Marsh, Boston. Coiffures, these ten pages, by Marc Sinclair.



# LIGHTNING STRIKES

FOR LEGS  
AND FEET












*The whitened leg, opposite:* kinky ribbed tights of transparent white net. Feet laced into open-heel ankle boots of whitened-yellow patent, toes flat, squared. Beautiful Bryans tights: Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's. Roger Vivier boots to order: Saks Fifth Avenue. *The buckled black patent mule, left:* golden buckle, squared-off toe, little stacked heel...razzle-dazzle. Lacy white pyjamas, wide-legged pants pushed knee-high here. Golo mules. About \$18. Ciner necklaces. All: Henri Bendel. Mules: Bullock's, Pasadena. Two-piece pyjamas of Dacron and cotton, by Warner's. About \$55. At Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; and Sakowitz.

**L**IGHTENING ... WHITENED  
LEGS AND GOLDEN BUCKLES



A woman with dark, wavy hair is sitting on a set of wide, light-colored stone steps. She is wearing a sleeveless, lime-green dress with a ruffled hem. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Her legs are crossed at the ankles, and she is wearing dark sandals with large, ornate green and gold jeweled toe rings. The background is a warm, yellowish wall.

# LIGHTENING...POMPON OF JEWELS AND WHITENED- GREEN STOCKINGS

Jewel-topped sandals, this page: a pompon of brilliant light-and-dark-green stones on top of the foot...a dangle of jewelled fringe. Heel, a green-jewelled oval. By Bernardo; to order at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The cool, bare-shouldered float of lime-green chiffon by Sylvia Pedlar of Iris, in double chiffon of Dacron. About \$20. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Whitened-green legs, ankle-strap sandals, facing page: dangling from the glazed-tile grille of Norman Parkinson's Tobago house, where jewel-green hummingbirds dart in and out at will.... Whitened-green ribbed stockings of textured nylon, by Berkshire; of Du Pont nylon. Arnold Constable; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's. Ankle-strap sandals, an airy basket-weave of fawn suède; by Margaret Jerrold. About \$35. Jack Gilbert ring. Both at Lord & Taylor. The sandals, also at Rich's; and Neiman-Marcus.







# LIGHTENING... PLAID, POMPONS, PLEATED GEOMETRICS

*Plaid-ribbon clogs, near right: bare, black and white, brass-buckled, with low black wooden heels. More bareness: sides cut away on a little linen skimmer all black-and-white geometrics. Setting: the Parkinsons' dining-room table, with the Tobago shoreline at sunset eight hundred feet below. Evins clogs. About \$40. To order at I. Miller; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Black-and-white dress by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, of Irish Looms linen. About \$35. At Altman's; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. The geometric pomponed pump, opposite: pleated black-and-white with black silk pompons over flattened toes, shiny black patent heels to click. Lightening for legs: ribbed white stockings with lacy insets. Renaldi shoes. About \$23. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Both: Bonwit Teller. Shoes, also at Montaldo's. Stockings: Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus.*











## LIGHTENING... STRIPPED- AWAY BLACK-AND-WHITE

*Painted wooden clogs, above, black-and-white, baring and light, tied up with splashy black-and-white silk. Worn with shortest little white duck caftan, pailletted in black at the slash-of-V neck. (More black and white in the Tobago fore-field: a day-old baby goat.) Clogs by Bernardo. About \$20. Made to order at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The dress by Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan, in Crompton duck of Dacron and cotton. About \$35. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Burdine's; I. Magnin. *Snapdashio sling-backs, right, with brass bridle bits across glovey white leather vamps, shiny black patent straps and black wooden heels. Lightening up the legs: transparent white stockings with waves of ribbing. Herbert Levine slippers. About \$34. At Bonwit Teller; Himelhoch's; Joseph Magnin. Stockings by Christian Dior. At Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Magnin.**







VOGUE  
PATTERNS

# THE WHITE WOOL SMALLDRESS WITH BLACK-AND-WHITE SHOES

Smock dress, small and white, left, in crunchy honeycomb wool—yoked high, hung straight, with perfect narrow smock sleeves...marvellous with whitened stockings and black-and-white checkerboard shoes. Vogue Paris Original Model 1556, designed by Yves Saint Laurent. Robert Originals bracelets. Shoes by Fiorentina. White basketweave wool, right, for a small dress with cigarette sleeves set in high under the arms, half-moon curve of neckline filled with ropes of bogus pearls. Added dash: black-buckled white sling-backs. Vogue Pattern 6668. Necklace by Bergère. Delman shoes at Bergdorf Goodman. Both dresses of Australian wool imported by Charjer. Fabrics at Jordan Marsh, Boston; Woodward & Lothrop. Both pages: Belle-Sharmeer stockings. Viola Weinberger gloves. Coiffures by Pierre of the House of Rejlander. Other views, sizes and yardages, on page 148.





VOGUE PATTERN 6668

HORST















When Cecil Beaton comes to Paris from England, he often stays at the "France et Choiseul," rue St. Honoré, one of those charming, old-fashioned hotels where the service is personal and superb, the street noises are muffled, the ceilings high. In this tranquil setting we talked about the kind of food this great English photographer and stage designer likes best: food quite the opposite of tranquil—exotic, hotly seasoned, and imaginative.

"I learned about food from my Aunt Jessie who was married to a Bolivian," Cecil Beaton said. "Coming from the north of England, she and my mother knew at first only a good kind of English farm food. Then Aunt Jessie went to live in South America, where she had a thoroughly adventurous time. She crossed the Andes on a mule and shot the rapids of the Amazon; and in a book, which still exists, she wrote down recipes, including ones for varnishes to keep shoes from getting hard and dry. Later, her husband became the Bolivian Minister to England, and it was in her London house that I had, as a small boy, my first glimpse of the adult world. I would go into the dining room where my aunt and her guests were finishing lunch, and smell the strong pepper and the cold melon and cigars; I would taste those highly seasoned dishes. Ever since, I have had a weakness for exotic foods.

"Today, in my country house in Salisbury, I have a wonderful cook, an artist who enjoys the exotic things which I enjoy. She puts rose petals in the cherry tart—the petals melting but the perfume remaining. She makes pale-green sherbet with black currant leaves; adds marrons glacés to apple purée; takes elder flowers when they are in blossom, dips them in batter, fries them, and they become like flowers of dumplings. Pretty, and terribly fattening. In London I have a Dutch cook, a master of pastry. He does a dish covered with pastry, using sole and mushrooms or curried shrimp. It is almost like a soufflé.

"I am not aristocratic enough to do simple food with inexpensive ingredients. Diana Cooper serves a fish pie with onions, and Lady Salisbury a meat terrine. Both are superb. But I always feel I must

serve chicken, if not pheasant or grouse. I do not have the daring to offer *chou-fleur au gratin*. You need grandeur to do that!" His clear, blue eyes lit up with amusement.

"I am very definite about what I like," he said. "I like contrasts: elaborate dishes—occasionally Oriental or Spanish ones—and then simple English food. For instance, blackberry summer pudding is a splendid thing. Oysters, Dover sole, Angus beef—these are really good when carefully prepared. There is nothing better than a Scottish grouse, plainly roasted. It is too much of a delicacy to be fussed about.

"Have you ever been to Wilton's in Bury Street? Quite an institution. It has a wonderful sort of nursery attitude. The waitresses and waiters, old women and old men, are trained to be rather rough with the guests: 'What'll you have now? Quickly. Make up your mind. There's only oysters, sole, and lobster. . . .' People enjoy being bullied and then given whacking great bills. But the food has a marvellous, pristine quality."

I asked Mr. Beaton what he would choose if he had to plan a menu for that same night.

"I'm afraid I am rather an amateur at this," he said. "I get fancies about food from literature, not from cookbooks. If I had been reading in Proust that someone had pineapple and truffle salad, then very likely I would try to organize that for the same night. I remember once reading in Colette about an old cocotte. She was feeling very down, her lover had left her, she was getting old, her hair needed dyeing, so she decided she would have a tunnyfish omelette, muscat grapes, and coffee with very frothy hot cream. I thought that sounded so good I immediately asked my cook to make tunnyfish omelette."

"What do you dislike?" I asked him.

"The sort of things I had in the nursery: white sauce on cauliflower; fish with black skin underneath and with water in the dish. I have *great* dislikes: sweet-and-sour, cranberry sauce with the turkey, and marmalade served, as it is in some American hotels, (Continued on next page)

# CECIL BEATON

## A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Cecil Beaton is as a great photographer. His art, to catch the precise look of the time at hand and turn it timeless. A Beaton photograph does not date. The sharp blue Beaton eye never jades. "In photography," said this amused, courtly Englishman after nearly forty years at it, almost always for *Vogue*, "I have always kept the enthusiasm of an amateur, as if it were a hobby." In another fame, as a stage designer, Beaton knows how to catch the look of the past and make it present, to charge period romance with new wit. He designed the extravagant costumes for the play *My Fair Lady*, the sets and costumes for the film *Gigi* and the film of *My Fair Lady*. Long before *Op Art*, his blacks and whites in the Ascot scene of *My Fair Lady*, jounced and delighted the eye. Beaton is also a spirited writer (his wartime diaries, *The Years Between*, were recently published) and a painter (see page 104). On January 27 his first portrait show opened at the Lefevre Gallery in London, the city where Cecil Beaton was born and where he lives, left, in a Regency house lit by Alberto Giacometti lamps. There he pursues still another fame: giving some of the best dinners in town. Of his latest project, the sets and costumes for *La Traviata* for the opening season of the Metropolitan Opera Company in Lincoln Center's new opera house, Beaton said: "I see dark backgrounds with scintillant bright colours, like Monticelli paintings. Such a marvellous period. It would be ridiculous to do a Pop Art *Traviata*. But I will not be pigeonholed," he added. "After that I would enjoy a whack at something very modern. If Harold Pinter or John Osborne wrote drawing-room comedy. . . . Of course, I would like to work with Fellini. This is such a forward-rushing, creative time."



in polythene squares. And I am rather snobbish about cheese in cooking. I don't know the reason for this. I am perfectly willing to have it in someone else's house, but I don't like it in my own. I feel it's too easy a way of making an effect.

"Above all, I hate tasteless, pretentious food. I once went with Duff

Cooper to a many-starred restaurant, where we were served slovenly food. The *oeufs en gelée*, which should have been soft, were overcooked. The next dish was equally poor. Duff Cooper kicked up a rumpus. Later he said, 'You see, we'll only have so many thousand lunches in our lives. There is no excuse why even one of them should be bad.' "

Here, five recipes from Cecil Beaton.

### **Chilean Empanadas**

¾ lb. round steak  
2 cups chopped onions  
3 teaspoons rendered beef suet  
2 teaspoons sultanas  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon cumin  
8 green olives, chopped  
½ teaspoon sugar  
½ cup hot water  
1 egg, hard-boiled

Put the steak into a very hot frying pan and quickly sear on both sides. Put through a mincer and set aside. Put all remaining ingredients, except the egg, into rendered suet in a frying pan, and cook slowly for a few minutes until onions are brown. Add the minced steak and the water. Put aside until the next day. Add the chopped egg before filling pastry.

#### *The pastry:*

2 cups flour, sifted  
½ cup boiling water  
4 tablespoons rendered hot suet or butter  
1 egg yolk  
1 teaspoon salt  
Sugar

Take egg yolk and stir in with flour. Add hot suet, kneading with hot water until quite pliable. Roll out to the thickness of a penny. Cut into 3-inch rounds. Place a tablespoonful of the prepared stuffing in the centre and fold in two, pinching edges firmly. Fry empanadas in deep fat, and sprinkle with sugar as they are taken out.

### **Shrimp Flan**

3 tablespoons butter  
1 small onion, chopped  
1 tablespoon flour  
1 large jar potted shrimp  
1 cup cream  
⅓ cup milk  
1 teaspoon curry  
Anchovy paste to taste

Put butter in a saucepan on low heat. Add the chopped onion. Simmer 5 minutes. Add the flour, mix and simmer 3 minutes. Add milk and cream, stirring constantly until smooth and boiling. Add shrimp and curry, and anchovy paste to taste. Simmer gently 10 minutes. Pour mixture into a heated pastry flan. Serve hot.

### **Apple Purée for six**

1½ pounds apples, peeled, cored, and chopped  
1 pint water  
¾ cup sugar  
1-2 teaspoons vanilla  
14 marrons glacés

Cook apples in syrup made of the water and sugar, flavoured with vanilla. When cooked, put in a blender with 8 of the marrons glacés. Add to the purée the remaining 6 marrons cut in half, and pour into a bowl. Chill well.

### **Black Currant Leaf Ice**

1 pint water  
3 or 4 handfuls black currant leaves  
¾ cup sugar  
Few drops green colouring  
Rind of 2 lemons  
Juice of 3 lemons

Put the water and sugar in a saucepan, dissolve sugar completely. Boil rapidly for 6 minutes, then add the leaves. Allow to infuse off the fire until well flavoured. Drain and extract all the syrup. Add lemon rind and juice. Add colouring a drop at a time until mixture is a pale green. Freeze, stirring occasionally.

### **Blackberry Summer Pudding**

2 pounds blackberries  
1 pint water  
¾ cup sugar  
Butter  
Small loaf white bread, sliced  
1 cup cream, whipped

Make a syrup of water and sugar. Wash and dry the blackberries, put them into boiling syrup, and cook 1 minute. Blend at high speed. Butter a medium charlotte mould. Remove crust from bread and make fingers of the slices. Arrange them overlapping around the mould. Pour in the fruit purée. Cover with more bread fingers. Chill well. At serving time, invert and cover with whipped cream.





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# Dr. Love, hero, and heroin

By James Leasor

One of the more pleasant, if unexpected, results of being a country doctor, thought Jason Love, lying back in the little fishing boat, "José Miguel," was the fact that so many patients became friends. This meant that they sought help from him on a basis of friendship as much as medicine, which was why he was not holding his morning surgery in Somerset but fishing off Praia da Luz in southern Portugal, while the morning sunshine burnished the shimmering sea with gold.

A few days before, the garage owner in Love's village at home—possibly the only man in all the West Country who understood the mechanical intricacies of the doctor's Cord—had come to see him. His son, on a camping holiday in Portugal with his school, had poisoned his foot on a broken shell. The boy was in a hospital in Lagos, and his father could not go out to bring him home. Could Love possibly fly out in his place?

This Love had done, and gladly, but the boy's temperature had risen unexpectedly, and he would not be fit to travel for several days. So Love found himself with time to kill on a coast with a perfect climate.

From the "José Miguel," past the three fishing lines baited with octopus slices, he could see the whole beach and the rising land behind, dotted with white houses in the Moorish style, all arches and terra-cotta roofs.

Immediately to his right a splendid white yacht lay at anchor. To his left soared the headland from which the village took its name—called the bay of light because at every sunset, by some reflection against it, the whole bay filled with a pale cold glow, as though from a sunken sun beneath the sea.

The beach itself was a bone-white crescent baked by the sun, dotted with pink canvas bathing tents and awnings. Behind it, a rough road led past a well. A policeman (grey topee, grey uniform), on duty outside the whitewashed police post, watched

a handful of cars under the feathery trees.

A gurgle of engines cut into Love's thoughts. A speedboat with two Mercury outboards had started from behind the yacht and was heading into shore.

Love looked at his watch. It was exactly eleven o'clock. He raised his binoculars and scanned the beach.

At eleven o'clock on the previous morning, he had watched a certain sequence of events; he wanted to see whether they would repeat themselves.

A grey Simca 1500 stopped just past the well where old women in black waited with amphora-shaped water pitchers.

A man left the car, climbed down the stone steps to the beach. He wore a black rubber frogman's suit with two horizontal red stripes across the chest, a black helmet, goggles already down over his eyes. Over his right shoulder he carried a pair of red-tipped water skis. He waded out into the sea up to his waist, fixed on his skis, and waited for the driver of the speedboat to throw him a towline.

The driver cut his engines, banked the boat around so that it faced the open sea. The rope tightened, the skier's back bending forward as he fought the immense muscular strain of a dead start. Then he swept up out of the water with a rush like Neptune rising.

The boat towed him out far into the bay and back several times behind the yacht, carving a wide, white curve of foam through the sea. Then there was a flurry of white, and the speedboat turned around slowly in a circle to pick him up. He had fallen off the skis, his black helmet had disappeared for a moment. Now the head bobbed up again, tiny as a match head against the sea.

Love watched with admiration the grace with which the skier rose from the water. He thought it would be illuminating to calculate the forces acting on the man's back muscles against

the static resistance of the sea. Idly, he toyed with the problem, enjoying the mental exercise, because it didn't matter if he couldn't find the answer.

Dr. Love turned his glasses on the skier again, now heading back for the shore. Then he refocused them more carefully.

This skier had a slightly different stance from the man Love had watched first. His hips were narrower, his back more sharply bent forward, his elbows held more closely to his body. But if this wasn't the same man, then what had happened to the other—and who was this?

Love's experiences as an occasional part-time agent for MI 6, the overseas section of the British Intelligence Service, had sharpened an instinctive medical mistrust of anything unusual, unexpected, untoward. And this was surely all three.

Now he watched the driver of the speedboat raise his left hand. The skier let go of the towline and sank into the shallow water, a water god descending. The boat turned and pattered out to its moorings. The skier slipped off his skis, waded ashore, walked up to the grey Simca. It drove off, pulling a plume of dust behind it.

"Who's that?" Love asked the fisherman.

"Someone on holiday, Senhor. No one local. The car belongs to Dr. Esteban. He has a house beyond Espichel, about five kilometres inland, The Farm of Olives. He's generally here for a month in the summer. From Lisbon. A very rich man."

"And the yacht?" asked Love, nodding towards the glittering vessel.

"That arrived yesterday from Marseilles. One of the crew was in the wineshop last night. He said they're leaving tomorrow at noon. I think Dr. Esteban is going back with them as far as Lisbon."

Love turned his glasses on the other cars; the policeman stood picking his teeth with a match.

"Why the policeman on the beach?" asked Love.

"They check our fishing boats when we come back each morning with our catch. They see people are properly dressed for bathing. Only the young and slim may wear bikinis here, Senhor. It is a rule."

"And a very good rule, too."

The fisherman shrugged. It was not politic to argue with his clients.

"The fish aren't biting today," said Love; he had suddenly lost interest in fishing. Why one man should go out skiing and another return in his place interested him far more.

"It is the sunshine, Senhor. We should have been here earlier in the morning." He pushed his blue cap up on his head, turned his boat for home.

Love walked thoughtfully up the beach, dumped his basket under an awning, took his hired car and drove through the olive groves to Espichel.

It was very hot. Old men in black, wide-brimmed felt hats dozed on wooden stools in cottage doorways. Women grilled sardines from the morning catch on sooty braziers; thin chickens pecked hopefully in the dust.

Espichel straddled the main road to Lagos, empty now except for a mule pulling a two-wheeled cart, the driver asleep under the hood.

There was no mistaking the entrance to The Farm of Olives. Blue and white ceramic tiles announced it from stone gateposts; the black wrought-iron gates were open. Love parked his car, walked into a cool courtyard where water tinkled in an encrusted fountain. A myna bird chuckled on its perch in a huge cage. The place was ablaze with geraniums, red roses, blue passionflowers. With water, in the Algarve, anything grows.

To one side stood three cars, a Facel-Vega, a Mercedes 300 SL with German numbers, a Bentley Continental from Swit-

(Continued on page 146)

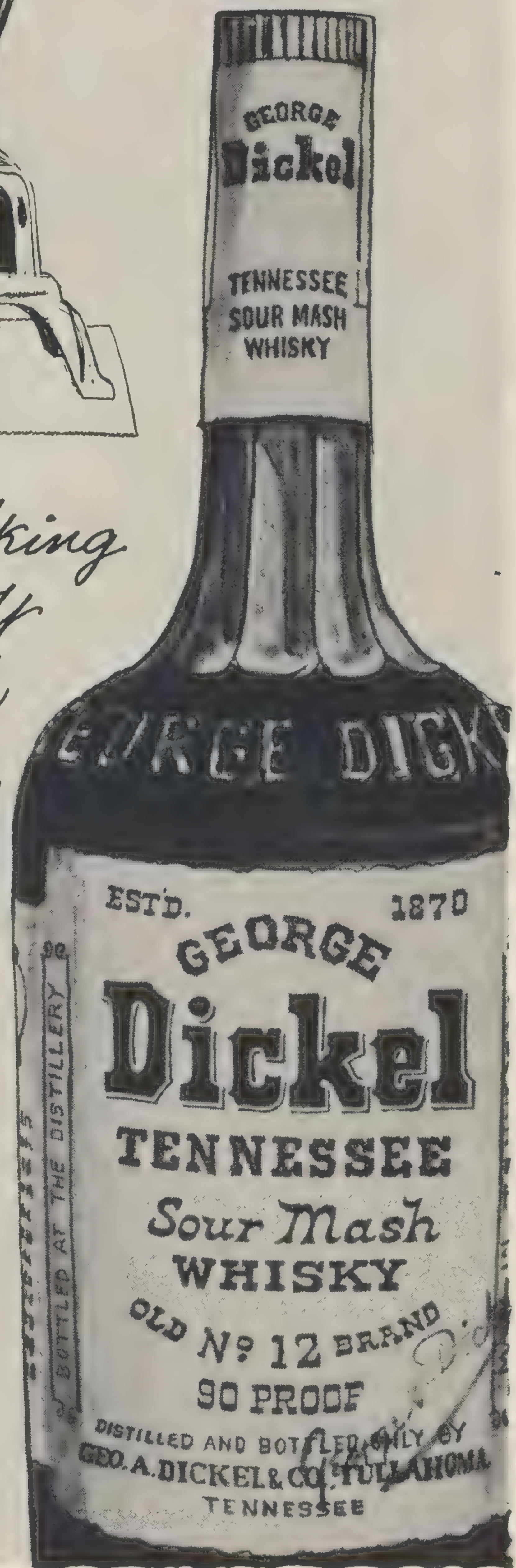




*New  
(100 years ago)*

*A century ago folks were talking about a new kind of whisky. It wasn't rye and it wasn't Scotch and it wasn't bourbon. It was George Dickel -- the smooth Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky. A drinkin' whisky for gentlefolk, Mr. Dickel called it. Full-bodied enough to start with -- light enough to stay with.*

*Still is.*





(Continued from page 144)

zerland. Clearly, Dr. Esteban attracted wealthy patients.

He heard laughter. Beneath rafters trellised with vines, two stone figures stared at him with sightless eyes. He walked on. Half a dozen men and women in beach clothes were sitting on a terrace. As Love appeared, they all stopped talking at once, drinks halfway to their lips. He saw surprise, wariness, almost hostility in their eyes, and something else, too. No wonder Dr. Esteban was rich: Doctors who are accommodating often are.

A man in blue shorts at the far end stood up. He was brown, very muscular; his chest and shoulders were matted with black hair.

"Who are you?" he asked in English.

"Please excuse me," said Love. "I must have come to the wrong house. I was looking for Colonel Jackson."

"You have been misinformed," said the man sharply. "I am Dr. Esteban. There is no Colonel Jackson here."

"I'm sorry," said Love.

Dr. Esteban bowed, clapped his hands. A Portuguese servant in a white monkey jacket came out, his hands strong as the spreading roots of a tree. Surely he did not need all this strength just to shake a Bronx?

"My man will see you to the gate," said Dr. Esteban formally.

They walked in silence down the path. Love noticed, without surprise, that the manservant watched him almost out of sight, then locked the iron gates behind him. Love drove thoughtfully to his hotel.

He went up to his bedroom, took a pocket edition of the *Dialogues of Plato* from his suitcase, pulled out the title page, held it under the cold tap of his washbasin. The paper turned pale blue; three names and addresses appeared as a watermark.

The names were of local people who received a small annuity through intermediaries from the British Intelligence Service in return for certain agreed help in emergencies. Not that this was an emergency, of course; nothing like it. But what was the point of belonging to any club

unless you used its facilities?

The only one in Lagos was a Senhor Alameida Diaz in the Rua Vasco da Gama. Love shredded the page into little pieces, flushed them away down the lavatory, drove to the Rua Vasco da Gama.

Senhor Diaz was a small, round man in an alpaca suit; his office was stacked with dusty box files. Love stood in the doorway, gave the current recognition phrase, a Chinese proverb: "The palest ink is better than the strongest memory."

Senhor Diaz replied with the linked reply: "As the ancients say it, so should we," but he could not conceal his surprise that after so many years of inactivity, someone should actually seek his services. He shut the door, slipped the lock, and stood against it defensively, next to an oil painting of Henry the Navigator.

"At your service," he said without enthusiasm.

Love explained about the skier, his visit to Dr. Esteban's house, and his own theories.

"Maybe you have made a mistake, Senhor?" Diaz suggested hopefully. "It is very easy to do, with the sun in your eyes."

"In any case, I am honorary advisor to the District Chief of Police. I would know if there was anything in your belief. And there isn't. We're a very quiet community here, Senhor, building up our tourist trade."

"I know all that," said Love. "But surely there must be *something*?" Or perhaps he was mistaken after all? Then he remembered the eyes of the guests at The Farm of Olives, and knew that he was not.

"There is *nothing*. I know," said Diaz firmly. "I do this work for your people because my wife, she is English. So I would also like to help you, Senhor. But I really can not."

Senhor Diaz sat down, began to shuffle papers on his desk, and then looked up sadly as though he had dealt himself a bad hand of cards.

"Also," he went on, "this comes at a difficult time for me. There is a chance that I may be offered a very highly paid post in the local government—Secretary of the Commune, roughly the equivalent of your Mayor.

"But my chief rival—who I think will get the job—is a nephew of Dr. Esteban. So I do not wish to cross the doctor. He is very rich, very influential. I might even lose the job I have, which, although honorary, has certain perquisites. You understand my position?"

"Perfectly," Love assured him, making a mental note to tell Colonel Douglas MacGillivray, the deputy head of MI 6, who selected these local agents in London, that he might have made a better choice. However, he must not give up so easily. He tried a new approach.

"Then let me ask your help, Senhor Diaz, in a way that can not possibly damage your chances—and which will, if I am right, enhance them immeasurably, and put you way ahead of Dr. Esteban's nephew."

"How?" asked Senhor Diaz. suspicious but interested. He offered Love a Sintra cigarette, lit one himself, waited, half hopefully, half defensively.

"For two days running," said Love, "this skier has arrived on the beach at exactly eleven o'clock. If he starts to come down tomorrow, I want his car delayed between the doctor's house and the beach—for fifteen minutes at the most, possibly even only for ten. Naturally, I will reimburse you for any expenses in this connection."

"And there is nothing else I have to do?" asked Diaz cautiously, watching Love open his wallet.

"Just one small thing," admitted Love. "I saw a policeman on duty near the beach today. Pass the word along to the police generally that there might be a little excitement there tomorrow. And see if you can persuade a Coast Guard cutter to be somewhere near the headland, out of sight from the beach, but in radio contact."

Senhor Diaz looked doubtful. What the Englishman asked for would not be easy to arrange. He wished he had not come to see him, that he had never become involved, that his wife did not have such a strong character, and half a dozen other things besides. However.

"If I am wrong," said Love, "if nothing happens at all, no one here will know that you have

been involved. But I will speak to Colonel MacGillivray in London about your help. You will receive a special bonus.

"But if I am *right*, Senhor Diaz—and I believe I am—you'll annihilate all competition. So I, Dr. Jason Love, will make a prophecy—the new Secretary of the Commune will be—Alameida Diaz."

Diaz took a deep breath: After all, he had nothing to lose; well, almost nothing. And this man certainly made it seem safe. Also, there was just the chance, slim but there, that he could be right.

"I will arrange it, Senhor," he said. "And now, if you please, I have much other work. . . ."

At five minutes to eleven on the following morning a most unfortunate accident took place on the narrow, high-banked road that runs down from Espichel to Praia da Luz. A mule drawing a water cart tripped in the shafts.

The little donkey that trotted beside it in the Portuguese way, a four-legged lower gear for hills, suddenly panicked as a two-wheeled cart piled high with figs tried to pass. Somehow the wheels of both vehicles locked together. By an inexcusable oversight, the split pin was missing from an axle. A wheel rolled away down the hill; the cart turned on its side, spilling two hundredweight of green figs across the road.

Against the shouted arguments of the drivers, their attempts to right the cart and pacify their beasts, angry hooting by the driver of a grey Simca 1500 passed unnoticed. He was a foreigner, anyway; not a true son of Portugal. He should learn the inestimable Portuguese virtues of patience and good manners.

At exactly eleven o'clock, Love stepped from a canvas tent on the beach in a frogman's suit and helmet he had hired from the sports shop in the hotel, the goggles pulled down over his face. The suit was for a fatter man, but the best fit he could get. He had pulled it in more tightly with his snakeskin belt. He walked on towards the water, skis over his shoulder.

The speedboat came in and turned to wait for him, exhausts

(Continued on page 149)



a litheness to wear clothes, whether or not you mean to wear a bathing suit. And in the second place, something can be done to cure the blues. The reds, too.

Said a dermatologist we know and love: "Something can be done about it—but most people don't realize this." Explaining his statement, he said, "As arteries branch out, becoming smaller and smaller, thinner and thinner, until they are tiny twigs instead of branches of the arterial system, they sometimes show as little red streaks called capillaries. People who mind having these can have them removed by desiccation—burning with an electric needle. It's not a big deal at all. Same is true of the venules that branch out from the other side of the system, the venous side. These, being on the *used* side of the vascular system, show up as streaks of blue. The capillaries usually appear on the face, but bluish venules generally make their appearance on thighs, legs, and ankles, where the veins are under pressure to get the blood *back* up to the heart."

Got it, said we. But we hoped for a further description of a "not-big deal."

"A not-big deal is a few office visits—depends upon how many of these things you want to get rid of—in which you'd feel a prick like the jab of an injection. An unpleasant, but not truly painful, business."

But what about a noticeably bumpy varicose vein, as opposed to the twiggy little things?

"A varicose vein is really a deficient vein. It's dilated because its valves are incompetent. They're incompetent on a hereditary basis. Or they're incompetent because of great, continued pressure—standing, day in, day out, will do it. Treatment of the larger varicose veins is usually an operation. It involves removal of the defective vein. In the United States, this operation is generally performed by surgeons and vascular specialists. But the

less prominent varicose veins are frequently treated by injection, or what we call 'sclerosing'—injection of a solution that closes up the channel and then shrinks it down. This is done by a variety of qualified physicians, among them the vascular men, the phlebologists, *some* dermatologists, *some* general physicians."

Had bizarre after-effects of such treatment been observed?

"Sometimes this treatment leaves a residual pigmentation. And sometimes veins rechannel themselves and reappear."

*Capisco*, said we. But is treatment always a question of vanity—or are there sometimes health reasons?

"On the face, generally only cosmetic reasons. And it's simple enough. But when veins show on the leg, it's sometimes important for the sake of good circulation and good skin-nourishment to have these defective veins dealt with. Certain eczemas and skin ulcers can result, otherwise."

Could exercise or massage help to prevent the situation?

"No, massage would tend to break down the veins. You have to be careful with massage if you have a tendency toward broken blood vessels. You mustn't ever be brutal with the skin."

To recapitulate, then: for a nest of bluish or red twigs, could a woman go to a dermatologist for a series of treatments consisting of desiccation (burning with an electric needle), or sclerosing (injection of a fluid)?

"Yes," said our man.

But for anything larger, she'd go to a surgeon or phlebologist (some of whom are also dermatologists) or vascular specialist, who might use sclerosing for the lesser veins—or, for something larger, would operate and surgically remove the vein?

"Right. And lots of people have this done," the dermatologist answered.

So much for the skinside of Everybody's Shape. Inside, outside, or skinside, the idea seems to be: get a move on.

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### Princess of Berar

(Continued from page 99)

she owes everything to her years living in India where, as a very young bride uprooted from the schoolroom, she became friends with, and was spiritually protected by, scholars, writers, and statesmen, counting among her friends Sinha, Gandhi, Nehru, and Sarajini Naidu.

In Hyderabad at an early age she started to read philosophy with the teachers of the Osmania University. She and her two sons are fluent in Urdu, Turkish, English, and French, and she still studies Persian and Arabic (the latter she considers the most rich and resonant of all tongues). Although she reads history, philosophy, and books on ancient art, she enjoys fiction and admires Russian writers; Turgenev and Tolstoy are her favourites.

Shakespeare and all forms of theatre are her passion. She motors through the green lanes of Warwickshire to the latest productions at Stratford-upon-

Avon, and, accompanied by her English lady-in-waiting, waits patiently in the first-night traffic queues verging towards the Old Vic National Theatre.

The Princess, who has much respect for the mental disciplines of the Hindu religion, finds meditation easier in countries such as India, where time seems unlimited and where the agonizingly harsh realities of living press close, than in Europe with its hypnotic impression that all is secure and pleasant.

Although she lives in London, shops in Paris, and travels widely, her absences from Hyderabad do not prevent the Princess of Berar from being hurt by and deeply involved in the troubles of India today. Her feelings toward that country are those of a mother: knowing the best and the worst of it, and understanding its mistakes, she makes allowances as people do only for those they love.

### Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 136-137; other views, yardages, details)



1556



6668

*Above left:* Smock dress, small and white—Vogue Paris Original Model 1556. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> yards of 54" fabric without nap. \$2.50. In Canada, \$2.75.

*Above right:* White wool smock dress—coat and hat patterns included. Vogue Pattern 6668. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 dress requires 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> yds. of 54" fabric without nap. \$2. Canada, \$2.20.

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## Dr. Love

(Continued from page 146)

gurgling. Love waded out into the sea; it felt far colder, even through the rubber, than when he had last worn such equipment at an Italian resort the previous summer. But then this was the Atlantic; there was nothing between him and America. Nothing except this yacht and a mystery.

He bent down, slipped on his skis. The man in the speedboat threw him a towline, not bothering to look at him, his head bent over the wheel. Love gripped the slippery wooden handle in one hand, waved with the other. He leaned forward slightly, took the strain, then braced his back against the harsh, jerking pull. He could ruin everything now if he fell. He didn't.

Through the damp haze of spray, the blue sharpness of exhaust smoke, he saw the yacht grow larger; portholes were screwed open, a striped awning shaded the rear deck, a towel hung over a rail. When he was amidships, Love raised his right hand, took a deep breath, and let the line go free.

The sea rushed up to meet him, closed over him. As he submerged, he kicked off his skis, opened his eyes, and struck down into the swirling, bottle-green depths.

He took three more strokes through the deepening dimness of the water before he saw the darker shape of another man in a black rubber suit identical to his own. The man was on the seabed, holding a mooring ring set in a block of cement. An oxygen cylinder was piped to his mask; he could thus park there indefinitely.

As Love approached, the man rolled over, his movements slowed by the weight of water. He unclipped the oxygen pipe, raised one hand in farewell, swam to the surface. Love seized the rusty ring, clipped the oxygen pipe, pouring out its stream of crystal bubbles, to his own mask, and breathed in thankfully. The thunder of his heart receded.

Above his head, the cigar shape of the yacht rode darkly at anchor. The triple-bladed propellers were only feet away. He

undid his belt, filled his lungs with oxygen, swam up to the starboard propeller, wound the belt around the shaft, buckling it tightly. If he was wrong in his theory, he could undo it; if he was right, he wouldn't need to.

Then he struck out under the hull, surfaced on the far side of the yacht, where a rope ladder hung down into the sea. As Love climbed up, the hull trembled slightly: The engines were already running. He threw a leg over the rail, and stood on the varnished deck. In the stern, under the awning, a girl in a white bikini lay on a scarlet towel, a transistor at her elbow. Adamo was singing a hundred miles away. She looked up at him lazily.

"Karl," she said, her voice soft as honey and wine.

Love pushed his goggles up on his forehead.

"Karl won't be coming back," he said equally softly.

"Who the hell are you?" Her voice now was rough as a rasp.

"Uninvited again," said a voice that Love recognized. Dr. Esteban had come out of the saloon, still in his shorts. He didn't seem to overdress, this man.

"Why are you here?" Dr. Esteban asked coldly.

"You'd better ask your friend," said Love. He nodded towards the beach where a man in a black frogman's suit ran frantically from the grey Simca, shouting and waving his arms. The speedboat driver towing the skier saw him, too, and, puzzled, pulled back his throttles. Behind him, as the boat lost speed, the skier started to sink.

The girl picked up a pair of glasses.

"My God," she said, "that's Karl!" She pressed a bell push.

"It's a trap," said Dr. Esteban sharply. "This man here was snooping around my house yesterday. Let's get out beyond the limit until we're sure what's happening."

He shouted an order in German. The engine telegraph clanged. A steward came running up on deck to answer the girl's ring; Love had seen him at The Farm of Olives on the previous day.

"Hold that man," Dr. Esteban said, nodding towards Love.

"An old Portuguese saying," said Love. "Physician, watch yourself." He hit Dr. Esteban hard in the stomach. As Esteban doubled forward, Love brought up both fists locked together in the climactic judo blow against the bridge of his nose. Esteban folded like a spring knife blade.

The steward came slowly towards Love, elbows in, body thrust forward in the half crouch of the professional. Love watched him, his muscles slack, waiting to counter the attack. The steward suddenly dived to Love's right, kicked his leg behind Love's knee in the *osotogari* movement.

Now that he had declared himself, Love countered, whipped back his own right leg, broke the steward's balance by pulling his right arm across his body, and, as he fell, brought the edge of his own right hand across his throat. The steward decided to stay where he was. Q.E.D.

The girl took a .32 from her beach bag.

"Now, you, whoever you are," she said, her voice as quiet as when Love had first heard her speak.

At that moment a siren boomed nasally across the bay. From behind the headland came a Coast Guard cutter. It seemed to be carrying a large crew: Senhor Diaz had been persuasive.

The girl lowered the pistol.

One of her crew came up on deck, saluted her.

"The captain asks for orders, ma'am," he said. "That cutter's radioing us to stop."

"Ignore them. Keep full speed ahead."

"You're making things hard for yourself," said Love.

The deck shuddered as the engines fed in full power, the water boiled beneath the stern with the threshing of the propellers.

The cutter could not catch them now, and once they were beyond the limit it would be too late.

Suddenly, the yacht heeled sharply to starboard, dipped in a tight circle, and turned, churning up a furious wash. The girl fell back against the rail.

The officer reappeared.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said.

"Engine room reports starboard  
(Continued on page 153)

*She's mad for  
A Swiss chalet,  
A French beret,  
&*

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## *Terrain of health*

(Continued from page 85)

on the same principle as hot water is controlled by a thermostat. The body regulates itself through its "humours"—hormones and other agents which control our temperature, blood pressure et cetera; and good health is simply the indication that the homeostatic system is in good working order.

Bernard was shrewd enough to realize that when the system went out of order, it might be due to internal causes, such as an emotional upset. When he suffered from gastric trouble in 1870, he did not automatically put the blame on something he had eaten; he attributed it to his intense shame over his country's humiliations at Bismarck's hands. And his friend Pasteur agreed with him. Like Pettenkofer, Pasteur insisted it was the *terrain* which was important rather than the germ itself.

Unfortunately, the medical profession, which had suffered much at the hands of the vitalists, ignored Bernard's warning, and threw vitalism overboard, claiming that vitalism was fallacious because it had failed to recognize the existence of disease agents—germs and viruses. This was true; but the pragmatists themselves now fell into the error of believing that germs and viruses were not simply the agents, but the *cause* of disease. F. G. Crookshank, a now forgotten English medical writer, warned against this fallacy. Germs, he said, could be compared to bullets. Bullets cause wounds, and death; but nobody in his senses would argue that they are the cause of wars. Similarly, germs cause symptoms, but they do not cause disease. That cause lies in the *terrain*—in some disharmony, some disequilibrium in ourselves which allows the germs off the leash.

But if this hypothesis is accepted, it is manifestly ridiculous to consider stress disorders simply as something to be "cured." Pundits occasionally mock our civilization by saying that we have exploited nuclear energy and conquered space, though we still have found no cure for the common cold. But we don't *want* a cure for the

common cold. The common cold is itself a kind of cure—or should be, if we obey its warning signal to relax. A streaming nose is a release—just as streaming tears are. Crookshank, again, once satirized his medical colleagues by saying that they would soon be labelling tears with some unpronounceable medical name and treating them with drugs or, as a last resort, with surgery, to remove the ducts. This is altogether too close to what has actually happened to be funny.

Treatment of stress disorders by powerful drugs is particularly misguided. It is like treating a power failure by bypassing the fuse box; it removes the symptoms without reference to the cause. For most stress disorders drugs do more harm than good.

True, antibiotics will clear up a sore throat quicker than old-fashioned throat-painting, lozenges, and gargles; but they also carry the risk of side effects, often unpleasant and occasionally—much more frequently than is generally realized—fatal. Ordinarily our bodies are quite capable of looking after themselves and dealing with disease agents in their own good time. Nobody has yet discovered anything better for the treatment of a cold—or, for that matter, flu—than rest; perhaps with aspirin, and a hot whiskey-and-lemon to taste.

Drugs, admittedly, are essential if the body's defense mechanism breaks down, either because it is up against some particularly destructive microbe or because of some internal weakness; then, they can undoubtedly be life savers. But in ordinary circumstances, they should be avoided—particularly the whole paraphernalia of sedatives, tranquillizers, and pep pills. Whatever their benefit to the mentally ill, their influence on the public health of the community in general has been deplorable. They relieve symptoms by masking them, like retreads on old worn tires; and like retreads, they increase the risk of a lethal blow-out later.

But why, if this is true, do so many doctors continue to prescribe drugs, particularly antibiotics, for every trivial infection? The reason, quite simply,



is you. You have come to believe that for every disorder there is an antidote, usually an expensive drug; and that as soon as the nature of your disorder is diagnosed by your doctor, the antidote is ready for you 'round the block at the druggist's. When your doctor tells you that you have a virus infection, what he usually means is, "I don't know what she has, but the pathologist may know." Even if the pathologist finds out the precise species of virus, you are unlikely to benefit from his exertions. You don't need treatment for your disease; you need it for your dis-ease. You need to know the reason for your dis-equilibrium.

This requires insight, because only self-knowledge can reveal the reasons for your unconscious frustrations—so much more damaging than the frustrations that you can understand and accept. It also requires the ability to judge how to deal with the situations of your life as they arise. Unlike Selye's rats, few of us are irrevocably strapped to a board. We can make the decision either to adapt to circumstances, or to opt for a different life—to alter our terrain. And this may well be essential for health, as the flow of nervous vitality is in the last resort dependent on our zest for living.

For an example, we need look no further than Winston Churchill. "How anybody could eat so much," Eleanor Roosevelt said of him, "how anybody could drink so much, how anybody could smoke so much, and remain in good health passes my understanding!" The reason why Churchill was so rarely ill, in spite of the demands he made on his body, was that he had such gusto. He touched life at so many points, and relished all of them. Such zest is the prerequisite of health. Against it most germs are powerless.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Brian Inglis, a British writer who plays a crafty game of conversation, is the author of The Case for Unorthodox Medicine, published here last year; author and commentator for the British TV show, "What the Papers Say." His next book will be Abdication, a history of the British people and Edward VIII during England's "cruellest decade," the 1930's.*

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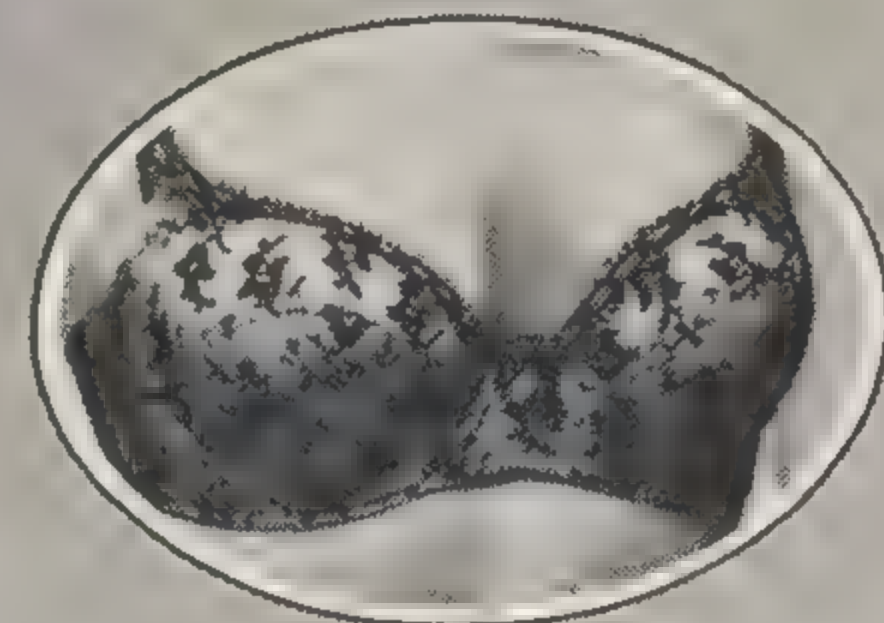
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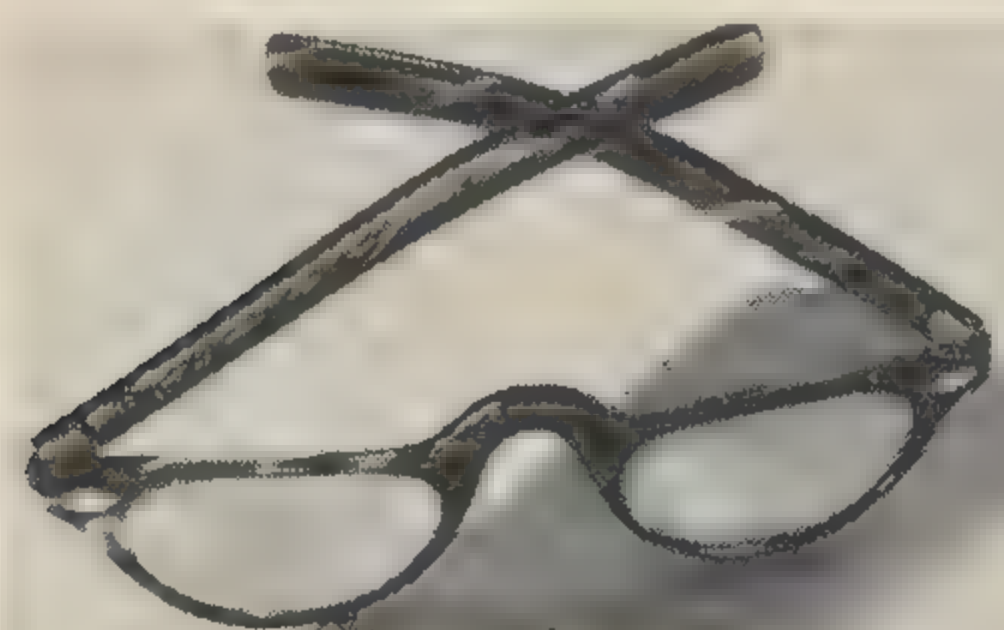


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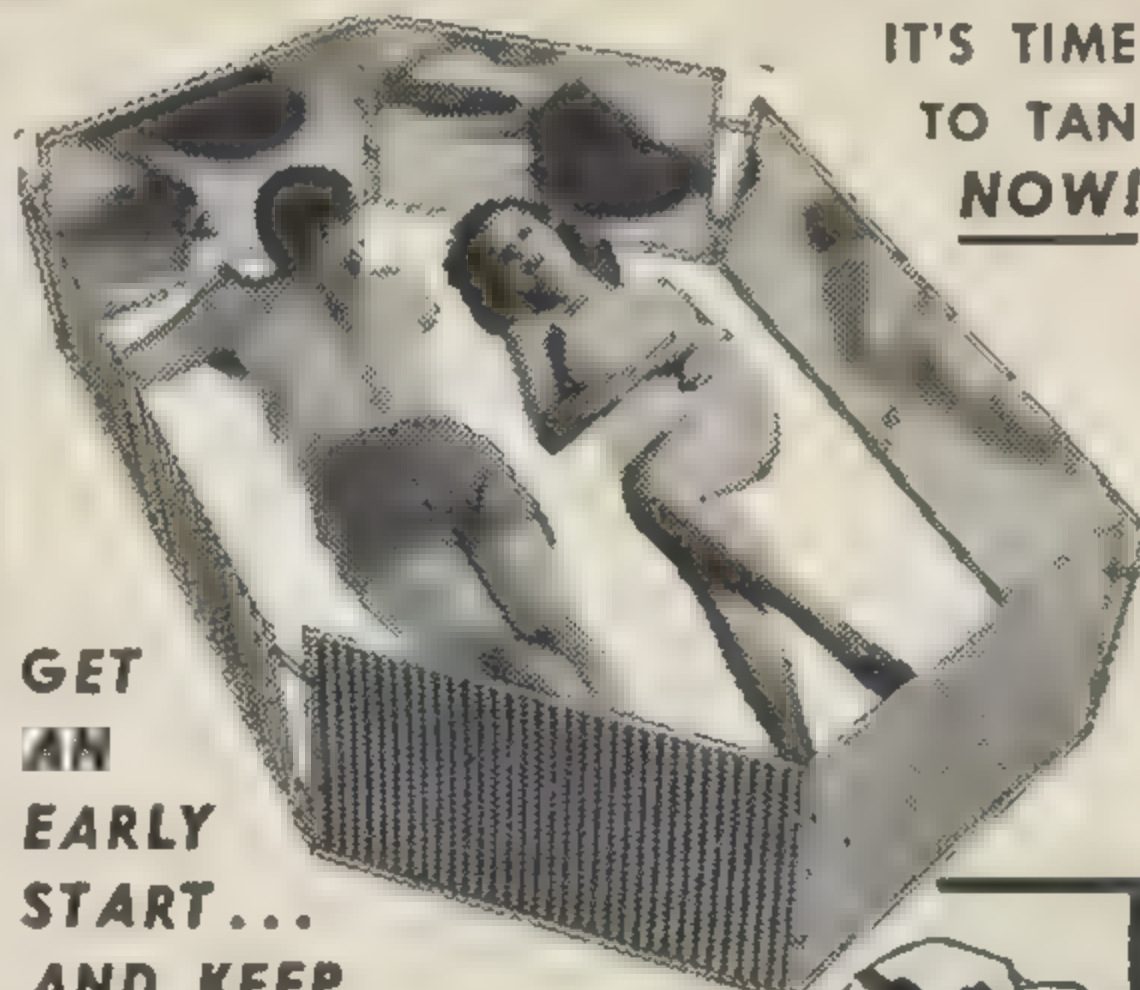


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## FASHIONS IN LIVING

# VOGUE'S

MAC II . . . young decorating team makes the scene: Mica, Mrs. Ahmet Ertegun, and Chessie, Mrs. William Rayner, are the new firm, Mac II (call N. Y. Information for new listing), here share ideas, some favourite objects. "We love young clients," they say, and for them suggest: Fresh, clear colours . . . a spacious underfurnished look . . . openness . . . tall plants in corners to give an illusion of space . . . paintings for zing and the fun of discovering young painters one

can afford . . . indirect lighting with dimmers, spots for paintings, few table lamps—always with simple paper shades. "A marvellous looking object also happens to give light," above: It's a 52" white Plexiglas cylinder to put in a corner with plants, beside a painting. \$125, George Kovac, 831 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10021.

Sink into a stretch fabric, right: A curvy chaise of steel, foam rubber, and Helanca stretch nylon, by young French designer Olivier Mourgue. "For a dressing-room retreat." \$400 at George Tanier, 305 East 63rd St., N. Y. 10021.

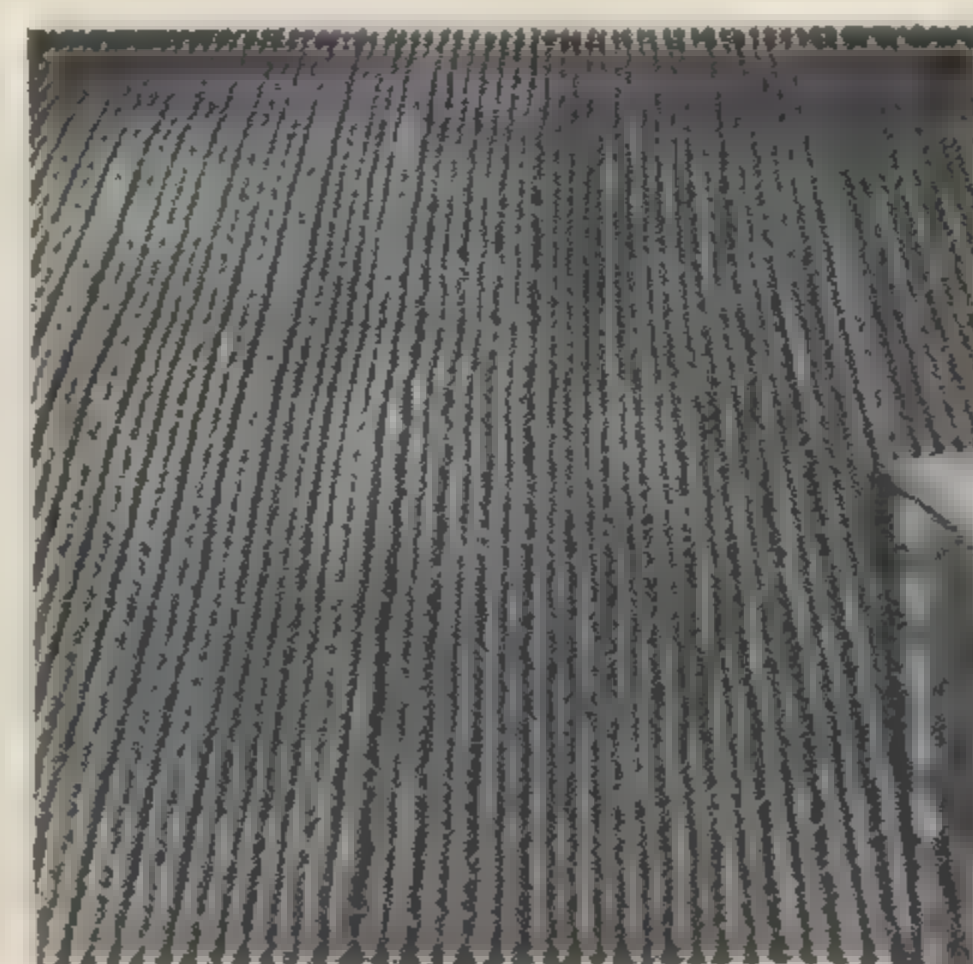
Topsy turvy pattern, right: A wallpaper in fresh colours to "go all over a bathroom," or her bedroom. "We love crisp poplin, linen, linen velvet printed in pow colours." Caprice printed cotton, \$10.80 yd.; paper \$10.80 a roll. Woodson Papers, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. 10022.

Reflects in every direction, right: Come-apart metal cocktail table base with plate glass 36"-top. \$159, Habitat, 341 E. 62nd St., N. Y. 10022. "It's of today; on it, antique saucer ash trays, cigarette cups, fresh flowers, little things to pick up and play with . . . that's where collections belong."

Cannon balls of feathers, right: Guinea hen feathers on styrofoam pillows. "For a sofa of yellow piqué, black leather, or suède." \$60 pr., Studio 1215, 881 Seventh Ave., N. Y. Whimsy to it, right: Regency papier mâché monkey. "He makes you giggle, isn't boring." \$450, John Vesey, 969 Third Ave., N. Y. 10022. "We love Regency lacquer, too."

It goes with everything, right: Ward Bennet "sled" chair of natural cane, polished steel. "Nothing Granny about this." \$540, Brickel-Eppinger, 515 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022. "Bare, dark polished floors with near-white flat rugs are it," below left: Haitian hemp in natural. "Braid," 9 x 12 rug, \$325, at Stark Carpets, 979 Third Ave., N. Y. 10022.

A vivid painting on Plexiglas, below right, by Davie Lerner from an Annie Chazotte design, makes a chair-side cube table lighted inside. 18" square, from \$250, made to order, John Vesey, 969 Third Ave., N. Y. 10022.



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rugs . . .



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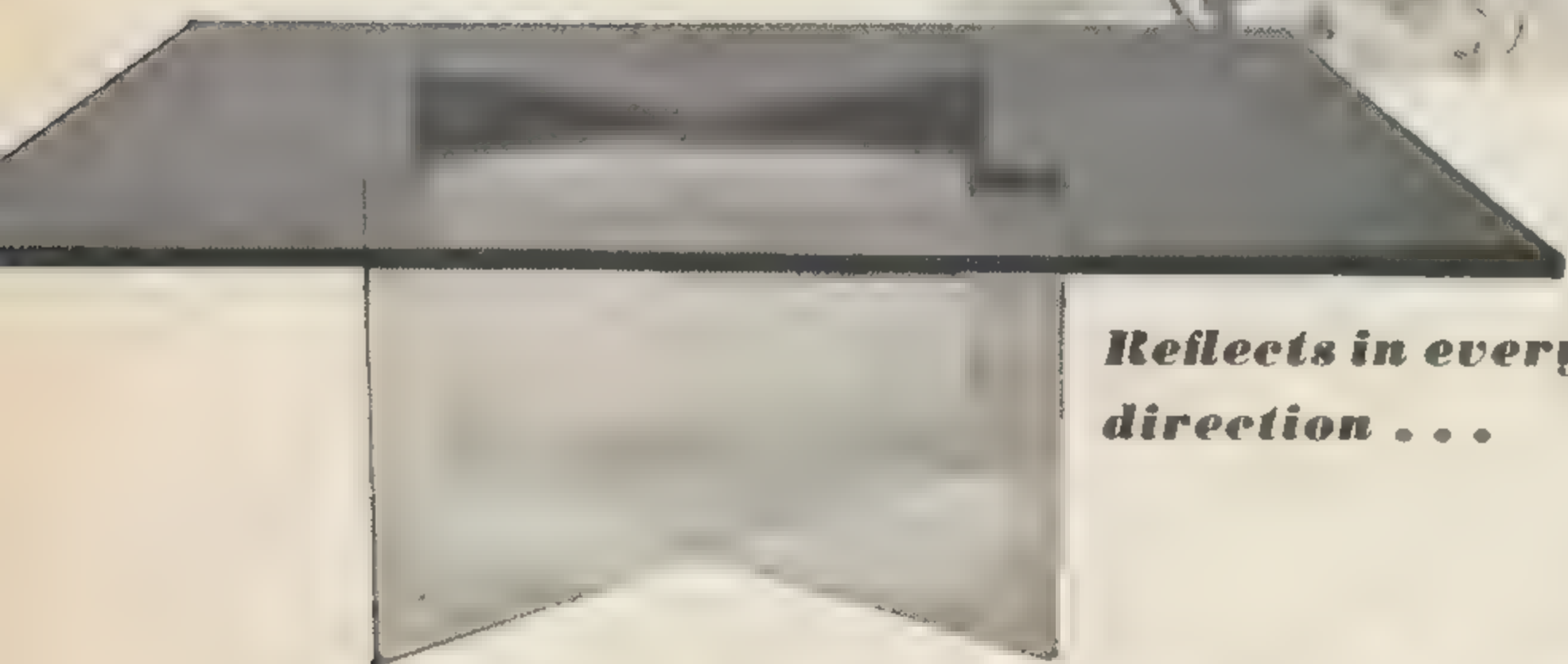
**Sink into a stretch fabric . . .**



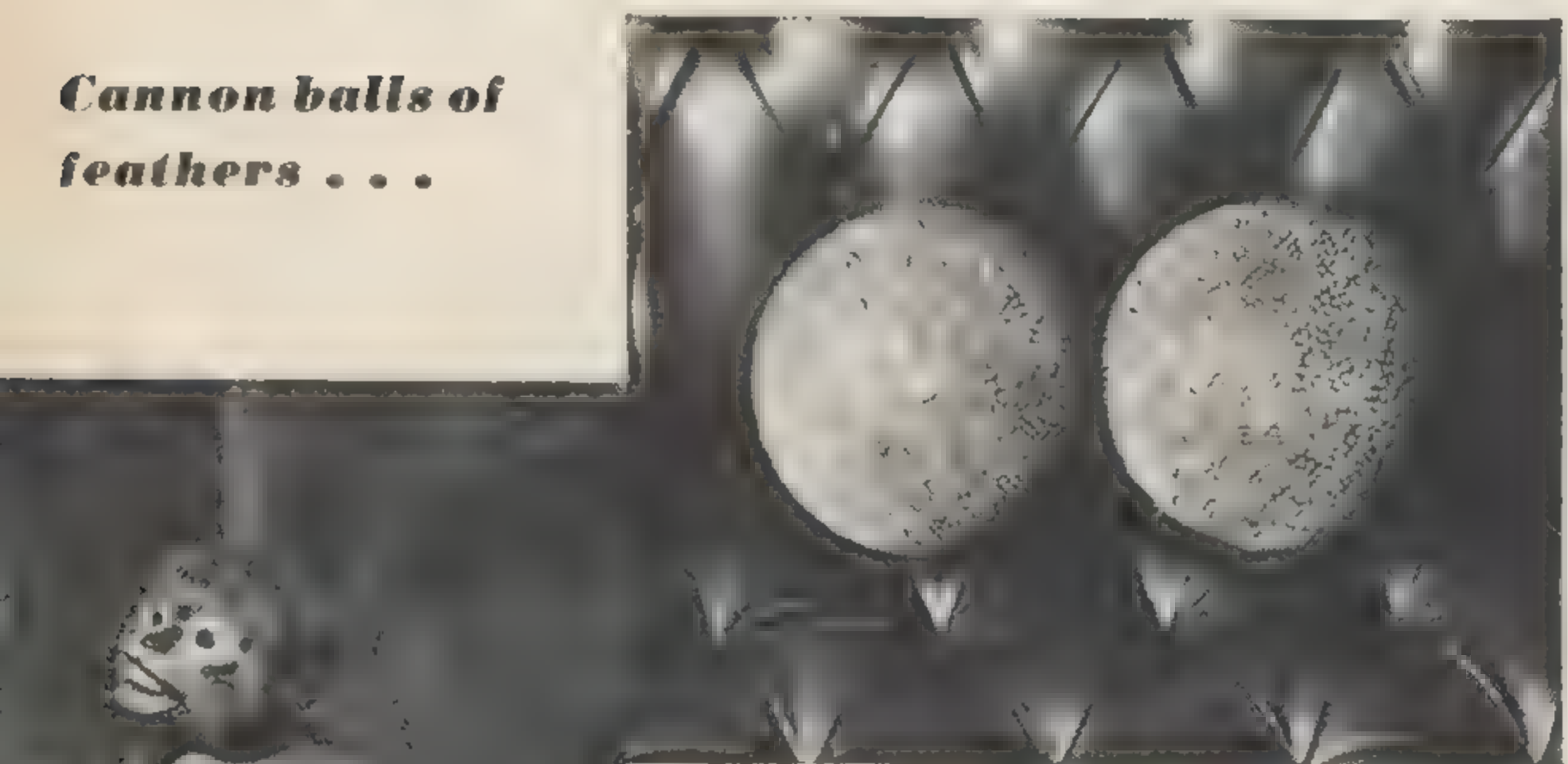
**Topsy turvy pattern . . .**



**Reflects in every direction . . .**



**Cannon balls of feathers . . .**



**Whimsy to it . . .**



**It goes with everything . . .**

DAVID MASSEY

## *Dr. Love*

(Continued from page 149)

propeller is fouled. It's locked solid. We can't beat the cutter on one engine."

The Portuguese were gaining on them now. Love could see the revolver holsters on the policemen's belts; so could the girl.

"All right," she said. "Stop engines. We'll see what they want. But get these two away first."

She indicated the steward and Dr. Esteban. The officer was still pulling them into the saloon when the cutter drew alongside.

Two police officers in grey uniform leaped aboard. Behind them came Senhor Diaz, looking important and enjoying the way he looked. He showed no recognition of Love.

"Are you the owner of this vessel, Senhora?" asked the first police officer, saluting the girl.

She nodded.

"It's on charter to me, at least. Why? Our papers are in order."

The man said nothing and Love, watching his face, suddenly realized that he must have moved too soon. The sight of the yacht leaving had set in motion a prearranged train of action, but too quickly. He had no proof of anything illegal. This was a bluff that could fail. The girl realized this, too, and she smiled.

"Perhaps you gentlemen would join me in a drink?" she suggested.

As the officer opened his mouth to reply, a sailor climbed up from the cutter, saluted, handed him a message. He read it, put it in his tunic pocket.

"I think not, Senhora," he said. "We have received a radio message from the shore. We should like some explanation as to why a skier from this yacht has been found carrying ten tubes of heroin strapped to his body inside his diving suit. . . ."

When Love looked back later on what happened next, it seemed that one moment the deck was dark with sailors and policemen, the air harsh with protestations of innocence, demands to see consuls, lawyers,

and what all; and the next they were all in the office of the District Chief of Police, a little more subdued.

The skier with the heroin was the first to break; after all, his situation was the worst. The girl was the last link in a long chain that had brought the heroin to Tanzania, then across to Angola, the Portuguese colony in Africa, up to Marseilles, finally to be distributed from the yacht at other destinations along the European coast.

Visitors from any foreign vessel are subject to search on landing, but no one in any sea-side town would think it odd if a water skier should fall off his skis, submerge and then come to shore. Such incidents happened every day.

So one skier waited down on the seabed, his suit packed with tubes of heroin until his comrade dived beside him. Then he would surface and ski off with his load. Then the other man climbed aboard the yacht on the side away from the beach . . . an expensive delivery service with heroin fetching £500 an ounce.

In Portugal, Dr. Esteban could be rid of fifty pounds of heroin at a time; in Nice, there was a second doctor; in Biarritz, a third. But now there was only a room full of fear and recriminations, under the slow-turning blades of the ceiling fan.

"You have suffered no harm, I trust, Dr. Love?" asked Senhor Diaz solicitously.

"None at all," said Love. "The only thing I've lost was a perfectly good snakeskin belt."

So far as he was concerned, he thought that the matter had ended there. But a week later, a small parcel marked, "Dr. Jason Love. Personal," was delivered to his surgery room in Somerset.

It contained a new snakeskin belt, far better than the one he had lost. Pinned to the belt was a card: "With the compliments of Alameida Diaz, Secretary of the Commune, Lagos, Algarve."

For a prophet, thought Love, I'm a hell of a good doctor. Then he rang for the next patient.



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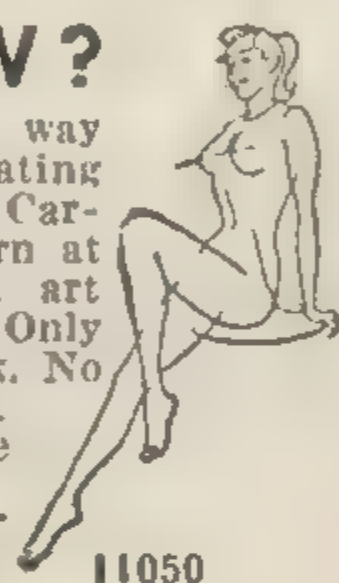
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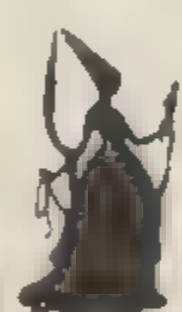
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# VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

## Moonlighting, white-fire way

In an age when totally costuming a face via makeup has taken hold of all cosmetics inventors, a makeup called Lunar beams in on the scene to give a face soft atmosphere; luminousness; white fire. What Rexall is getting at with their new collection of Lunar makeup seems to be updating the face, to tune it in on the times, to make it lighter-looking. Mild silveriness is the general and quite gentle idea of this group of cosmetics, for instance pearled pink and pearled light red for the mouth (By Jupiter Pink and By Jupiter Red are the names of the lipsticks here), a pearled cake-blusher, a shimmering loose powder. The silveriness in this case is muted, a very moderate glitter that goes into action only where it should on a woman who must necessarily move about by day. Most of the 10,000 Rexall drug stores carry the machinery for this glimmer, part of the closer working relationship between makeup and fashion. Lunar, as we said, they call the look. Stellar, we hope, might be its effects.

## On coming to immediately

Up shot she, aroused by a waft of the smelling salts her husband had stealthily slipped under her nose at the opera. Smelling salts, in Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, did the trick. So did they in Dickens' *The Old Curiosity Shop*. And smelling salts still have everything in their favour when it comes to the jolt that relieves drowsiness or motion sickness or the faintness that may follow a shock. . . . We asked Yardley, long-time makers of salts that smell, of exactly what theirs consisted. "Crystals, ammonia, and a cover scent—in our case, oil of lavender," replied Yardley. . . . Said the United States of America in its Dispensatory, 25th Edition: "The beneficial action is probably due to a reflex effect from irritation of the nasal mucous membrane." . . . You may be rivetted by the knowledge that the Great Exhibition in England in 1851 officially recognized the fact that smelling salts in glass bottles were replacing pomanders (cloved oranges) and vinaigrettes (sponges soaked in vinegar and scent) as a necessary accoutrement of a woman's wardrobe. And by the knowledge that we, in 1966, find Yardley smelling salts very essential to the unwayward behaviour of us at our desk; at our dressing table; in our car; and often in our Hindi conversation classes.

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2-15-66



## Monica Vitti

(Continued from page 123)

Glynis Johns; stay where you are, Tallulah) and said: "Hang on a cliff I might, for acrobatics there's a double."

Monica Vitti let one moccasin dangle from a toe, while she was sitting in a nest of sofa cushions, and said with a little non-sense smile: "Please let's remember one thing: I'm an actress, not a film star. I began when I was fifteen in dramatic school, against the sternest of parental strictures. In Italy, nice girls don't go on the stage. My first part was that of a woman of fifty in a play very popular in Italy—it was done by every dramatic society in the country: *The Enemy*, by Dario Niccodemi. With a white wig and makeup I almost carried it off, because I've had a deep voice from childhood. The boy who played my son was nine years older than I.

"Later in Milano I played in a satirical revue, very avant-garde. It was called *Without Net*, referring to trapeze artists who are brave enough to work without one. We did it in French in Paris afterwards. I played Feydeau and Ionesco and toured Italy reading Brecht texts, which had just been translated into Italian for the first time. I've just finished a tour of Italy in *After the Fall*; Maggie is my favourite rôle to date. So I can say actress, not film star. I have three new film projects in the air, but I want always to play in the legitimate theatre, at least every other year; I want to keep my hand in. And I should like to play comic things now, bright, amusing things for a change. As much as Antonioni's films mean to me, I shouldn't want the public to think that the rôle I play in them is drawn from my real character in private life. I hope to play Rosalind and Portia, and something of Chekhov someday."

"Then Modesty Blaise is just right for now?" I asked.

"Of course, it's right in the Pop-Art thriller class with some bits of outrageous high camp, all tongue in cheek. Very amusing. Imagine, I have a purse with a pistol in the handle, a cigarette lighter that is a flamethrower, a powder box full of sleeping pow-

der, and lipsticks that are really miniature hand grenades. I love every moment."

I glanced about her apartment as she went to answer the telephone. She lives in one of those peripheral zones of Rome where luxury apartment buildings stand next to vacant lots full of garbage and road machines, with a crumbling seventeenth-century farmhouse in the middle distance, and beyond, an unexpected view of green fields and a curve of the Tiber. She lives in a two-floor penthouse crowded with art books and thrillers in English, French, Italian, plus records of Mozart and the Beatles. Green plants. Modern paintings everywhere and unexpected corner accumulations. A collection of Pompeian glass phials and pressed glass from the last century. A shelf of empty cigar boxes. An antique shoeshiner's kit in a corner. A tree she made herself of frilly paper and cardboard monkeys. Small, beautiful, stainless-steel abstract sculptures. Comfortable-elegant-messy, nothing star-palatial. No baldaquins, no bar-becue pits.

I counted over the facts that I knew about her: Real name is Maria Luisa Ceciarelli, her mother is from Bologna, her father Roman. She was born under Scorpio thirty-two years ago. She was born in Rome, but—important fact—raised during ten crucial years in Sicily. She is the blond northern type, but she has something much more southern. Even dressed in baggy sweater and precisely cut, tight slacks she is still female. No, not feminine; yes, female. One can see her fanning herself in a hammock; one can not imagine her driving a tractor. She purrs, and she laughs. Her chuckle has something of thrumming guitars. She says, after the manner of many southern girls: "How I wish I could be a man." But she's not. She also adds: "Perhaps women are not as important as men, but they have infinitely deeper feelings."

"Miss Vitti," I said, "let's play machine gun. I'll fire a phrase at you and you fire a response back, rat-a-tat-tat."

"Very well," said she, so we did.

BORING: "For me, nothing is.

If it seems about to be, I run."

AMUSING: "People being people, busyness, scenes of life."

BEAUTIFUL: "A tree, really."

UGLIEST: "War."

BOOK: "Lots, but I reread Shakespeare and Chekhov."

PASTIME: "Rewriting proverbs and old saws. Like: 'Let he who has never slimmed throw the first stone' or 'If at first you don't succeed, gather some moss.'"

ANIMAL: "All, especially the horse."

LOVE: "That there be the certainty of it in life."

ACTOR: "Albert Finney."

MONEY: "Don't give a damn. Oh, it's useful, but I don't waste time on it. The minute a sum has commas in it, I feel them tickling my back."

PERFUME: "Zibeline."

COLOUR: "Right now, it's yellow."

STYLE: "Serves to amuse me. Elegance, yes. I'm afraid of luxury. I've just now bought my first mink, but because it's fur and it's warm."

DREAMS: "Oh my God! I have terrible ones every night. Huge, engulfing. I'll tell you one: There was a press conference, and a journalist asked to see me alone to ask further questions. Only he pulled out a knife and cut off my head. Then he bounced it against the old Roman wall at the top of Via Veneto, and I watched him all the while, as a spectator, seeing my head smashed against the bricks. I thought, he'll ruin my head. Antonioni came up in a white car a block long and said: 'Monica, you must get your head back from that journalist, you'll need it, and he's ruining it.' So somehow I snatched it back and got in the car and sat there looking at my head on my knees, quite dirty, the hair all tangled. 'Listen,' said Antonioni. 'I know a little woman around the corner who will sew it back on very neatly, so neatly you won't see a trace. If it does show, we'll find you a pretty necklace to hide it.' See what I mean? Horrible dreams like that. Every night. But I get over them with my second cup of coffee. And I have lots of fun in life. I'd really like to be a kind of butterfly: fluttering motions now and again, but going quite purposefully toward an unseen rose."



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# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Continued from page 61



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK ROBINSON

It's Baby Jane Holzer here, giving the East Village boutique scene a going over. Having cased St. Marks Place (see page 61) we pan in on Jane anking along Seventh Street... **"Who's that in the rocker clicking the knitting needles?" It's not grandma,** but Del Feldman, owner of Studio Del, specialist in spinning together

sweaters, culottes, shifts, etc. . . . Baby Jane dives into a taffy-toned wool with flippity hem and flappity cuffs of trellis-like openwork (above). \$125. Studio Del is at 21 E. 7th St. . . . **Right next door is Knobkerry, a charming spot,** décor somewhat Eastern, somewhat quaint; inhabited by clothes with the same feeling (and Kerry, a charming spotted

mélange dog). Glimpsed through the window (above) Jane in a caftan of black and white cotton mesh over gold lamé. \$200. 19 E. 7th St. . . . **Whoopee! Baby Jane's off again,** blond hair flying, in her Tuffin & Foale violet cut-velvet pants suit. . . . Who knows, maybe she's still discovering the pleasures of the lower East Side boutiqueing. . . .

**Cleavage fore and aft, the skimpiest of bikinis**—just two triangles of bright, clear grassy-green print on cotton, and a wired brassière that scoops up all that's there. From Lo Scarabocchio, \$22. At Kico Sea and Ski Boutique, 1190 Third Ave. . . . **Oh, those devilish Italians!** From Livio de Simone of Capri, a crisp little bikini; the brassière cut square, the bottom like a wide, taut ribbon. In printed cotton—white squares on bruised berry. \$25. Also at Kico Sea & Ski Boutique, 1190 Third Ave. . . . Warning on both suits "sol-tante acqua e sapone" . . . and a customer's comment, "They feel divine, as though you had nothing on." . . .

**Step lively, ladies! It's fast-moving fashion** at the Discount Boutique. The stuff comes in and out before you know it. Right now what's there: T-shirt jersey shifts with uneven mocha stripes zipping across ivory. \$10 to \$20; a collection of "sport short" skirts—hipster waist, A-shaped, four to six inches up from the knee. In Dacron twill or linen-looking rayon. \$8 to \$15. Discount Boutique, 667 Lexington Avenue. . . .

**Vogue Los Angeles: "Everybody" is talking about "The Egg and the Eye":** boutique, plus art gallery plus restaurant, started by thirty women important in the art world. Artist Catharine Heerman designs the boutique's mad-hatter ski caps—obviously with food on her mind. Giant-sized eggplant-coloured eggplant with bright green stem, or same idea, a carrot, to plop on your head; hand-crocheted by a secret cadre of Chinese crocheters. \$30. 5814 Wilshire Boulevard. . . .

**Vogue Rome: the Madame de Sévigné of the Roman fashion scene, Contessa Consuelo Crespi, writes:** "I am watching, rather amazed, a subtle change in the way of dressing of my Roman friends. Little by little, separates are back. In Capri, Sestriere, or Cortina, it's a burst of pyjamas, crazy boots, long skirts, embroidered tunics worn very nonchalantly, in a bizarre mood. That's why the Italian boutiques are so important—because of their zaniness, their palettes of colour, etc." . . .

## Vogue Paris: What is Violette Leduc wearing?

Well, one day Mlle. Leduc, author of *La Bâtarde*, and a frequent contributor to Vogue, stopped in at American Vogue's bureau. Before she knew it, she was modelling a Beatlepostiche from Carita, neat little boots from Adige. . . . More flashes from Paris: "Boys more adventurous than girls—long hair; small-flower printed shirts, white collar and cuffs latest dinner jacket wear." . . .




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